BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

OUR FRESH AND SALT TUTORS; or, That Good Old Time. With Illustrations by Winslow Homer and De Haas. In one volume, 16mo, *extra cloth*, $1.50.

"An uncommonly good story for boys; fresh, spirited, and manly." — *North American Review.*

"A charming book. The writer has succeeded in making a genuine 'boy's book.' In leaving boyhood behind him, the door has not been shut against his return to the mysteries of a boy's life. This work is so fresh and hearty, so instinct with an appreciation of boy-life, and so winning in its Christian lessons, that we can heartily recommend it to our young friends as, in its kind, the most delightful book of the season." — *Harper's Weekly.*

"Destined, if we mistake not, to take a front rank among the holiday juveniles of the present season." — *Boston Daily Advertiser.*

"'That Good Old Time' is a narrative of a summer at Cape Ann fifty years ago. Five Boston boys, three Graveses and two Higginsons, stayed there for months with their tutors, both salt and fresh, — one must read the book to know what that means, — and two old black servants; and such a glorious time as they had! Such boating, and shooting, and studying, and frolicking; such hair-breadth escapes, such wonderful discoveries, and such a fight with real pirates! It is all told by one of the boys, and now 'an old moustache,' who sits in his study, and recalls the old time; recalls it with boyish enthusiasm and heartiness, and yet with a touch of sadness at the changes of fifty years. It is by far the best book for boys that has come this season." — *Worcester Spy.*

"We have not seen a better book for boys for years." — *American Baptist.*

"This is a grand book for the boys — a sort of Tom Brown at the sea-side. . . . No boy's book has been published for a long time that we have enjoyed so much." — *Kennebec Journal.*

"An admirably spirited boy's book, written by one who is as much a master of this class of literature as the author of 'Tom Brown.' . . . The whole spirit and style of the book are at once manly and Christian; its illustrations, which are numerous, are full of spirit." — *Western Episcopalian.*

"Breezy and lusty, and good for blood-making in sluggish veins." — *Boston Post.*

Warren.

From Aunt Sarah.

Christmas 1870.

Florence Fotheringham

Sliding down hill on barrel staves. See page 110.

18219

WHITE AND RED;

A NARRATIVE OF

LIFE AMONG THE NORTHWEST INDIANS.

BY

HELEN C. WEEKS,

AUTHOR OF "THE AINSLEE STORIES" AND "GRANDPA'S HOUSE."

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. P. CLOSE.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON.
Cambridge: Riverside Press.
1869.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by
HURD AND HOUGHTON,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

WHITE AND RED.

CHAPTER I.

"Bears!" said grandpa.

"Panthers and Lynxes!" said Aunt Fanny.

"Wolves and Foxes!" said Uncle Charley.

"Three hundred miles through the woods!" said Aunt Lizzie.

"You will die before you get there!" said Aunt Margaret. "The most reckless undertaking I ever heard of!"

"All the wild animals together, are not as bad as one Indian. Think of willfully risking your life, and that precious boy's. It's wicked!" and grandma lay back in her chair, and shut her eyes.

"What is it all about?" asked Dr. Brown, who had come in just in time to hear the list of animals. "A menagerie Harry wants to see! Bears, and panthers, and wolves; well, why should he not?"

"'Tisn't a menagerie," said Harry, who had been standing by his mother's chair, waiting for a chance to speak. "It's only the Indian country. Mamma 's got a letter from papa, and he wants us to come where he is, and everybody says we sha'n't. It's real mean, *I* think."

"The best thing that could happen to you," said Dr. Brown.

Grandma opened her eyes and sat up straight, and there was such a chorus of Ohs! and Whys! that Dr. Brown put his hands to his ears. "Yes, the best thing that could happen," he repeated, when there was silence. "Harry will never get well here; in the first place, because the air is not good for him; and in the second, because you are not willing he should have half enough of such as it is. You coddle him day and night, when he is pining to be let alone. The boy is growing up with a constitution not worth one farthing; and if you are anxious to kill him keep him here, and give him plum-cake, as I saw you doing the other day."

"That piece!" said Harry with scorn. "It wasn't big enough for a fly. I wish I could have a lot, but mamma only gives me a speck, once in a while."

"So much the better," said the Doctor. "Turn you loose in the pine woods for a year or two, and you and your father will come home strong together. Your chest is three inches narrower than it should be."

"It will kill him, I know, getting out there," said grandma.

"Not a bit of it," said the Doctor. "He will grow better with every mile of the journey."

Grandma sighed, and shook her head, and so did the aunts, but mamma's face looked much brighter.

"Really it is a terrible journey," she said, "but if you think it would not hurt Harry, I shall be so glad to go."

"What does Henry say?" Dr. Brown asked. "He thinks it safe enough, I suppose?"

"Yes indeed," said mamma. "He is so much stronger himself, that he thinks another year there will be worth more in point of health than any amount of money to be made at home; so he will keep his appointment at Red Lake, where he went in the spring, you know."

"Right in the midst of Indians," said grandma, in a pitiful voice. "It was bad enough having him there, but now, with

Mary and Harry going, I cannot have one moment's peace or rest."

"Papa says they're the best Indians there are anywhere," Harry broke in. "He says we shall like them; and if we can make up our minds to hardships, we shall have a real good time. I'm not afraid."

"How will you go?" asked the Doctor.

"Through the Lakes, on account of Harry's head," mamma answered. "and Henry thinks he will be well enough when we get to Milwaukie, to bear a day's ride in the cars easily."

"I don't doubt he will," said the Doctor, buttoning his coat. "Let me help you any way I can. Good-night all."

Grandpa followed him to the door, and there was a sound of talking from the hall for a few minutes.

"I do wish you all felt differently about it," said mamma, as grandpa came in again. "I am sure it is the best thing for both Harry and his father."

"So am I, on the whole," said grandpa; "and now the only thing to do is to get you off as soon as possible, for the Lakes will not be open much longer. First, though, we'll put Harry to bed."

Harry declared he was not sleepy, but

went up-stairs at last; and while grandma and the rest are still talking over the dangers of the journey, I will tell you who they are, and why it is to be taken.

Harry's father, Dr. Henry Prescott, had entered the army as surgeon for one of the Massachusetts regiments, at the opening of the war, and remained in it to the very end, coming home on furlough once or twice, but going back after the short rest had past, without thought of giving up till all need for him was over. Harry and his mother were with him sometimes, but Harry was so sickly a child, that his father and mother both dreaded having him anywhere but in their own quiet home. There had been a time when he was strong and well, but scarlet fever, which kills so many children, had taken away his baby sister, and left Harry almost blind, and with headaches which came sometimes every week, and made him weak and almost helpless while they lasted.

Papa came home, when peace was declared, to find his one little boy, what nurse called "a rack o' bones," and mamma almost worn out taking care of him. Harry could but just bear the motion of a carriage, and the cars brought on

his headaches at once. Papa took him to Newport, thinking that sea bathing might help him; and Harry did grow stronger, though the headaches still remained. They went back to Boston when fall came; but it was papa's turn now, and, as the months went on, he coughed a little hacking cough, and grew so thin that people shook their heads, and said he had ruined his health in the army, and would never get well. Boston east winds and sea fogs, settling about one like a wet blanket, made him worse, and worse, and so at last he found, that, to live at all, it was necessary to go away again. He was a doctor, you know, and before this had sent a good many people, sick in the same way as himself, to the far Northwest; many of them had come home well again, and he knew that to follow the same plan, was the best thing to do. So they gave up their own little house, and mamma and Hary went to stay at grandfather Barnard's till Dr. Prescott should have tried the West, and decided whether or not they had better join him there.

So he went from one town to another in Minnesota, getting better very slowly, but never well, and sometimes sadly dis-

couraged, till at last he made up his mind to try the "Pineries," as the great woods are called. In the mean time, an appointment as doctor for the Red Lake band of Chippewas was offered, and Dr. Prescott, who knew well how necessary it was that every one should have some special work to do, accepted, with the privilege of giving it up, should his health be no better. The journey to Red Lake was made, and from there, at intervals through the summer, came letters, filled not only with the good news of returning health, but with such stories of life there, as made Harry quite wild to try it. They were all *lonesome* letters though, and at last, late in the fall, came the one in which he asked mamma to join him.

You know how it was received, and so it will not surprise you to hear that, though when Harry came down next morning, he found their going to be a settled thing, still grandma and the aunties thought it very dreadful to live among Indians, and coaxed mamma in every way to leave Harry with them while she was gone.

Of course mamma only laughed, and went on making preparations for the journey. Papa had written that only the

warmest woollen clothes were to be taken. Everything fine was to be left at home, and the only thought to be, that of keeping comfortable. It was already the first of November, and Dr. Prescott's letter said that he would be at Milwaukie by the fifth, and wait there for them. So the packing went on swiftly, and when Dr. Brown came in, in the evening, mamma sat by the table putting some warm "ears" to Harry's cap, while Harry himself was looking over a pile of books, and wondering which he had better take, as he had been limited to three.

"Only think of it!" he said, looking up. "We're going to-morrow afternoon in a sleeping car, so I can lie down, and the next morning we shall be where the boat is."

"Where is that?" said the Doctor.

"Ogdensburg," mamma answered. "Father bought our tickets to-day, and we can easily be ready to-morrow"

"Going alone?"

"I suppose so," mamma went on. "'Tis only a night's ride, with nothing to do when we get to Ogdensburg, but go on board the boat, and I have had to go about alone so much, that I do not dread it in the least, except for Harry."

"I'll be at the cars to-morrow, and see you off," said the Doctor.

"Goody!" said Harry, who was very intimate with him. "I wish you were going all the way. Uncle Charley wanted to go with us, but he can't, and grandpa can't either, only to the dépôt."

"You'll need a doctor before you get to Milwaukie," said grandma, shaking her head, "and those lake boats are always blowing up or sinking."

"We'll write and tell you, the minute this one does," said Harry; at which every one laughed, he could not exactly see why.

Grandma felt better after the laugh, and the evening passed away quietly, as if it were not the last together for many long months. The next day, too, went swiftly by. There was so many last things to do, with all of them. Harry made two or three calls on some special friends, and I am afraid to tell half the things he promised to bring each one from the Indian country.

Half-past four came at last, the carriage was at the door; the great trunk strapped behind, grandpa on the box with the coachman; and mamma and Harry, and grandma and Aunt Fanny inside. Uncle Charley put a travelling-bag in Harry's

hand, and told him he had better not open the bundles in it till next day, when they were on the boat, and then the whip snapped, and they rolled off through the crooked streets to the dépôt. Grandpa found them nice seats in the sleeping car, after some trouble, and then came the good-bys, when even Harry, who wanted to be very manly, cried a little, and began to think how he should miss them all. The whistle sounded, the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" Grandpa and the rest hurried out, and Harry, looking from the window for a last glimpse, saw Dr. Brown, with a satchel in his hand, swing himself to the platform of one of the cars as they moved out of the dépôt.

"Why, mamma!" was all he had time to say, for the car door opened, and mamma, looking up, was quite as much astonished as he

"You surely do not think of going all the way to Ogdensburg," she said, as the Doctor sat gravely down, and put his bag by the other two.

"I don't know why not," he said. "I wanted a little change, and this is the best opportunity I have had for a long time. What have you there? You are not to read in this light."

Mamma knew it was altogether on Harry's account that he had come; but she knew, too, that nothing must be said about it, for this was Dr. Brown's way. So she only sat comfortably back, feeling that here was somebody to take all responsibility, and Harry talked for a while, and looked from the window till his eyes were tired, and then leaned his head on mamma's shoulder. This was joggly rest, though, and soon Dr. Brown, who had been watching him, went out, coming back directly with a boy, who said,—"The other side of the car, if you please."

Harry watched with great interest, after they had changed to the opposite side, while the boy pulled their two seats toward each other, till all at once they met, and were a bed. Then, from some place overhead, he pulled pillows and blankets, and a thin mattress, and in a very few minutes had quite a comfortable bed ready, on which Harry was glad enough to lie down. Mamma put some bay water on his forehead, and brushed his hair, and soon he was sound asleep.

"Better than I expected," said the Doctor. "The roughest place is between Rouse's Point and Ogdensburg, and he may get through well with that, though I'm doubtful."

Harry slept on quietly, and in another hour or so Dr. Brown took a berth opposite, charging mamma to speak at once, should Harry wake up sick. Mamma was tired herself, and glad to lie down, and though Harry did wake once or twice, and for a moment could not tell where he was, and held her hand tight, he went sound asleep again, and could hardly believe the night had gone, when he opened his eyes, and saw the sun shining, and mamma sitting on the edge of the bed.

They went together into a little room at the end of the car, where they found water and a looking-glass. Mamma had a towel in her bag, and after their faces were washed, and hair brushed, they went back to their place. Dr. Brown had just crawled down, declaring the pillow had got into his ear, and that he had had to put his feet in his pocket to keep them warm, and Harry showed him where the little room was. When he came back the boy was there, making the bed into seats again, and Harry walked down the aisle with him, watching the way it was done. The whistle sounded, and he went back to find out what place they were coming to.

"Georgia was the last," said the Doctor, looking at his guide-book, "so this must

be St. Albans, where they have the finest dépôt east of Chicago. We stop there for breakfast, so you will see a little of it.

"Twenty minutes for breakfast!" the conductor shouted, as the train rolled into an immense building, arched overhead; half a dozen tracks running through the centre, and doors opening on all sides. The Doctor hurried them through the large, cheerful ladies' room, into a still larger, more cheerful one, with a long counter of Vermont marble at one end, and white covered tables at intervals. In two minutes more, breakfast was before them; golden butter, such as it is hard to find out of New England; beefsteak and coffee, and more good things than it is worth while to write about here.

Harry had a great goblet of milk, almost cream, and then another, and ate beefsteak and brown bread till he wanted no more, looking now and then around the beautiful room, paneled in black ash and walnut, like all the rooms they had come through, and filled now with a hungry crowd, quite as busy as they were.

Harry would have liked to buy some of the nice looking cake on the counter, but mamma said they were to have dinner on board the boat, and anything sweet might

make his head ache, so he bought a red apple instead. The Doctor made a flying call up-stairs after he had seated them in the cars again, and said it was the most perfect dépôt he had ever seen, and he should have liked to take them all over it.

To Rouse's Point seemed only a short time. They looked from the windows at the long meadows, where the cattle feed in spring and summer, but which lay now bare and gray, between the miles of fencing. All about St. Albans is dairy country, and many hundred thousand pounds of butter and cheese are sent out yearly from there. Harry had a long talk about butter-making there and in England, and indeed, everywhere, for the Doctor seemed to know the different ways of doing it all over the world. Harry was just thinking what a taste butter must have after being shaken in a goat-skin for an hour or two, when the train stopped at Rouse's Point. Here was a great steamboat, and Harry thought at first it was the one they were to take, but the Doctor said, "No, this was to go down Lake Champlain," and led them across some tracks to a train, which stood waiting, and moved off almost before they had time to get seated.

It was a long train, and all the cars

seemed filled with people going west by the Grand Trunk Railroad, which takes one through Canada. The conductor was a very fat, very gruff man, in uniform, with a gilt band around his cap. The seats were uncomfortable, and though they went very slowly, or at least it seemed slow, after the swift travelling of the train they had left, still they jounced and rattled in such a way, that Harry's head was very soon throbbing with pain, and he lay in mamma's lap with such a pale face, that an old lady in the next seat offered peppermint drops and camphor, and said, such a sick looking child as that ought to stay at home.

They rode till nearly noon, when they reached Ogdensburg; poor Harry could hardly lift his head, and mamma was glad indeed that Dr. Brown's strong arms could carry him to the propeller close by, and lay him in the berth, in their fresh, clean little state-room. After an hour or two, he began to feel better, and then Dr. Brown took him out to the deck, and left him with mamma, while he went for the Captain, who had just come on board, and whom, they found, he knew very well. Captain Davis was his name, and he knew papa, who had, he said, been very kind to

him, when he was sick in Beaufort, three years before. He was a short man, with bright, pleasant eyes, and a quick, energetic way, and Harry and mamma both thought they should like him very much. He went away in a few moments, and then Dr. Brown said it was almost time for him to go. He meant to go back to Rouse's Point in the one o'clock train; sail down Lake Champlain, from there to Burlington, that he might have a look at Camel's Hump, Mount Mansfield, and the Adirondacks, and from there take cars to Boston.

Mamma tried to thank him for the care he had taken of Harry, but he said,—"Not a word, not a word. I've had a very good time, and the best breakfast I've eaten for years."

Then he shook hands with mamma, and patted Harry, who threw his arms around his neck, and hugged him tight. Dr. Brown, taken by surprise, hugged back again, and then went away, leaving a small package in mamma's lap. A train came whistling along. Harry watched, till he saw Dr. Brown get in, waving his hand to them as he stepped on the platform; then another whistle, a puff of steam from the great engine, and the Doctor was on his way home to Boston. Harry looked up to see mamma's eyes full of tears.

"Are you sorry now you are going?" he said.

"No indeed," she answered, "for very soon we shall be with papa. I was only sorry to say good-by to so dear a friend. He can tell grandma, though, how well you bore last night's ride, and what a nice boat we are in, and that will make her glad.

"I guess it will," said Harry, taking up the package. "Why, mamma, this is for me. See, here's my name. It feels like a book."

Harry untied the string, and pulled off the paper.

"It *is* a book," he said, and the very one I wanted. 'Swiss Family Robinson,' and my name in it too! Is n't he nice? Now I shall have something to read all the way."

"You a little, and I a good deal," mamma said. "That is the dinner-bell you hear. Are you hungry?"

"Some," Harry said, putting the paper around the book again, and they went into the cabin. The Captain gave Mrs. Prescott a seat by him, but was called away before he had finished his soup. Harry looked around the table. On the opposite side were a long line of men, next to him several ladies; and looking down toward the end, he saw two children, and won-

dered if they were nice to play with. After dinner he went into the state-room, and, for the first time since his head had begun to ache, thought of the bag Uncle Charley had given him.

Mamma said he would enjoy looking over the packages more after the boat had started, she thought, though he could do as he liked.

"Can we take a little walk?" Harry asked; "because, if we can, I'll wait."

"Yes," mamma said. "The boat will not start before five."

So Harry hung the bag up again, giving a pinch or two, as if that would tell what was in it, and then started out with mamma. Over the railing two children were leaning, looking down into the water; a boy just about Harry's age, but tanned and sturdy, and a little girl, sunburned too, and with bright brown eyes, who smiled as they went by.

"Would you like to come too?" Mrs. Prescott said.

The little girl ran in, coming out in a moment with a tall, pleasant-looking woman, who, as she saw Mrs. Prescott, said, — "I'm afraid they will trouble you."

"Not at all," Mrs. Prescott said, and the children, who were looking shyly at Harry,

went down the narrow little stairs, right under the wheel-house, and picked their way through boxes and barrels, to the plank. The sun shone warm and pleasant, though it was November, and they walked nearly a mile up the river, talking faster and faster as the shyness wore off, and they grew better acquainted. Mrs. Prescott liked them both, and was glad Harry should have two such healthy, hearty companions even for a few days.

"My name's Tom," said the boy, as they turned again toward the boat. "What's yours?"

"Mine's Harry Prescott," said Harry, looking at the little girl. "Yours is Clara, isn't it? I heard your brother call you that."

"Yes, it's Clara," she said, laughing. "Our other name's Twitchell. 'Tisn't a bit pretty name, like yours."

"It's good enough," Harry said. "I guess we shall have a real good time, all of us."

"Yes, if you're not sick," said Tom; "you'll be dreadful sick when you get out on the Lakes."

"I went way down South once in a steamboat," said Harry, "and wasn't sick a bit;" and hearing this, Tom asked so

many questions, that they were at the boat again before the talk was half through. The two children sitting in the cabin, seemed surprised when the other three came laughing in. Harry looked at them a moment, thinking they had not as good-natured faces as Tom and Clara, and then went into the state-room with mamma, this time really to find out what was in the bag. Mamma sat down on the edge of the berth, while Harry pulled out one package after another, each marked with the name of the giver.

There was something from each one at home; grandma's gift was a box of dominoes, which Harry thought he should use that very evening. Then came two or three puzzles; queer-shaped bits of paper, which, when put together, made a picture, — one, of a monkey sitting on a barrel; another, a boy fishing.

"From Uncle Charley," was on a little box, which, when opened, showed a Craig microscope, a thing Harry had wanted a long time, and which so delighted him he could hardly wait to look at the other bundles. One held "Holiday House," a nice story some of you have read, I dare say; and the very last was a box of candied fruit. The bag itself was not a com-

mon bag, for one side was a complete dressing-case, filled with brush and comb, tooth and nail brushes, an oil-silk pocket for soap and sponge, and a small glass, which slipped into a place of its own. Harry drew a long breath as he finished the search, finding, at the very last, some pencils and pieces of drawing-paper in another pocket.

"I should think it was Christmas," he said. "I wish I could thank them all."

"You can in a little letter," said mamma. "These are Christmas gifts coming before Christmas, because then you will be away from home. You can write a letter to-morrow, if you like, and mail it when we stop at Oswego."

"Perhaps I will," said Harry. "They're pulling ropes! They're going to start. Let's go out on deck, mamma."

Harry ran out, followed more slowly by mamma, to find Clara and Tom there before him. There was no wide deck where passengers could sit; only a small open space at one end, where heavy coils of rope lay, and where the Captain or mate stood when giving orders. A narrow way, hardly more than three feet wide, ran around the boat, and here at any moment one was liable to be tripped by

ropes, which seemed to come from everywhere, and end nowhere. Harry thought it too bad that there was no more room outside, but you will see by and by why it had to be so.

The men were running through this narrow passage-way, and Mrs. Prescott drew the children into the door-way, where they could still see, and stood there, till the boat, after a few more whistles, much shouting and running, and some hard bumps against the wharf, steamed off down the St. Lawrence.

It was almost six o'clock. The sun had set, and night was fast coming on. It was chilly, too, and Harry and mamma both were not sorry to hear the tea-bell ring. The Captain was not at the table, which was almost filled, more people having come on board since dinner-time. The four children were not there. They sat at the end of the cabin, but seemed to have very little to say to each other. Harry went to them when he had finished supper.

"Why didn't you come?" he said. "There was plenty of room."

"That's why," said Tom, pointing to some "*Rules for Passengers*," framed, and hanging close by; and then reading,

"'*Children not allowed at the first table.*' Mother read that, and said we must wait."

"I suppose you think you're great things," said the oldest of the other two children, a boy about twelve. "I don't see what business you have at the first table any more'n the rest of us."

"Look here, mamma," said Harry, paying no attention to the boy. "See what it says about children. I can't go to the table any more with you."

"Perhaps you can," said mamma. "The rule hardly seems necessary on so small a boat. There is room enough at the first table, and it is better for children to be with their fathers and mothers than to eat alone."

"I think so too," said Mrs. Twichell, who had just come up to them. "For my part, I had rather wait with them, than have them go alone. I don't see the use of such a rule, unless perhaps in summer, when the boats are crowded."

"There's no sense in rules for passengers, anyhow," said a loud-voiced woman behind them. "Folks that pay, have the right to do as they're a mind to. My Clarence and 'Melia are going to the table to-morrow, rule or no rule. If your boy goes, I calculate mine has as good a right."

Mrs. Prescott had stepped into her state-room and so lost this remark. Harry followed to get his bag, which he wanted to show to the Twitchell children; and all of them sat down, after a time on a sofa, and looked at everything. "Clarence and 'Melia" came too, but snatched and pulled in such a way, that Harry, who was very careful of his things, finally put them back in the bag, leaving out only the box of dominoes, with which they played two or three games.

It was soon bed-time. Harry stood up on the stool in their state-room after he had said good-night, and tried to see some of the thousand islands through which they were passing. It was too dark, though, and he could but just see the dim outlines of trees as they passed by. Mamma helped him climb to the top berth after he had said his evening prayer, and very soon he was sound asleep, while the boat went steadily on, nearer and nearer to the waters of the first great lake, — Ontario.

When morning came, a high wind was blowing; the boat rolled and creaked, and Harry, looking from the window, saw only the faintest line of land in the distance. He wondered, as he dressed, that his head

should swim, and his legs feel as if they did not belong to him.

"After I've been on the *real* sea, I couldn't be sea-sick *here;* could I, mamma?" he said.

"I think you are sea-sick now, just a little," she said. "Lie down while I dress, and then we will go on deck."

Hardly any one was in the cabin as they went through. Harry could but just keep his feet, and outside it was still worse. Captain Davis came to meet them, and laughed as he saw Harry stagger.

"This is only the beginning," he said. "It's breezy now, we shall have wind pretty soon."

"I thought we were having it now," Harry said, looking at the sail, against which the wind seemed really to pound, for a hollow sound, like a drum, came from it. "I didn't know anybody could be sea-sick on a lake; but this boat jerks so."

"That is because we are in what sailors call a 'chopping sea,'" said Captain Davis, "which is worse than a long rolling wave. Over that you can ride easily, but these short waves play the mischief with even good sailors. I've been sea-sick myself

on Lake Michigan. Keep in the air all you can."

"I would, if there wasn't so much," said Harry. "But — mamma — I guess — I must" —

Poor Harry! He had to lean over the railing just then, and looked so like "green and yellow melancholy," when he lifted his head again, that mamma had not the heart to laugh at him. The breakfast-bell rang, but even the thought of breakfast was dreadful. Mamma led him in, catching at chairs and tables to keep from falling, and he lay down, finding it no use to try and sit up. So the day went on. Mamma read to him now and then, and at noon brought him some soup, which he could not taste. There was an hour's rest at Oswego, which Harry improved by eating his apple and some bread and butter; for the strange part of sea-sickness is, that if the boat stops, one is just as well as ever. Trouble began again with starting, and as the rolling, and creaking, and blowing went on, even mamma felt uncomfortable, and was glad to think that this would not last all night.

CHAPTER II.

HARRY tossed and tumbled through the night till one or two o'clock, when the motion suddenly lessened, and in a few moments they were going on quietly, though the wind blew furiously. He was too sleepy even to wonder; but when morning came, looked out at once on awaking, to see what it could mean.

"We're in a river; we're not in a lake any longer," he called to mamma. "What is it?"

"The Welland River," she said, "where we have been stopping for the last two or three hours. We are going now into the Welland Canal, and we shall be a long time in getting through, though it is very short."

"Why," Harry asked.

"Because there are so many locks; twenty-seven in all, in a distance of thirty-six miles, and some of them only a stone's throw apart."

Harry dressed quickly and went on deck, as the boat entered a lock, the great gates of which were just shutting behind it,

while in front was a high wall of stone. Harry, who had never been in a lock before, looked in wonder, as the water pouring in, gradually lifted them, till another pair of gates in front swung open, and they passed out, to enter another set in a few moments. The boat seemed to fit tight in the lock they had just left, and he wondered at their getting through at all. The next was wider, but still it was very easy to see why the boat must be narrow.

"It feels like being in a well; and it's like going up-stairs too, isn't it?" Harry said to Captain Davis, who stood near.

"Yes," said the Captain, "and a long flight too. When we get to Port Colburn where we go into Lake Erie, we shall be three hundred and forty-six feet higher than we were at Port Dalhousie, when we left Lake Ontario. You can get out to-day and have a walk, if you like."

"Can we?" said mamma, who had just come out. "How?"

"This way," said the Captain, stepping to the railing around the boat, which was now on a level with the wall of the lock, and off and on again in a moment. "You see it is very easy, and we go so slowly, you can keep ahead of us without trouble."

"See, what a big ship," said Harry, look-

ing over the side of the boat, at a large brig they were passing. "There's ever so many ahead."

"Work then for us," said the Captain, "for two or three are aground, waiting for us to pull them off."

"Tom and Clara came out as he walked away, and were as interested as Harry in watching the ships. Breakfast interrupted them for a little while; and then till dinner-time they stayed on deck, going only three or four miles. The two vessels aground were heavily laden, and the propeller pulled and backed, and whistled and cracked, and strained the great ropes, till Harry was sure they would crack. One brig got off, and then they went through another lock before reaching the next one, which was harder to manage than the first. Then, when this was done, they had to wait for a vessel to come through a lock and make room for them, watching as it entered, at first far above them; then settling down, down, till the great gates opened, and she slid through.

After dinner, mamma and he, with Tom and Clara, got out at one of the locks, and walked on for a mile or two, till Harry was tired, and went into a little store to rest. Here he bought some apples, and the clerk

gave him two Canada pennies for change, which he wrapped in a piece of paper, and decided to keep, as they were the first foreign money he had ever had. Here they waited two or three hours, watching some ships go through the lock, and wondering why their boat did not come. They walked back a little way, but Mrs. Prescott said it was better not to go farther; because if they should meet the boat between the locks, there would be no way of getting on. She was in sight as they turned, and the people came out of the store to see them get on, as she rose in the lock.

Harry began "Holiday House" in the afternoon, lending "Swiss Family Robinson" to Tom, who sat down in a corner with Clara, and read aloud. Harry listened after his eyes were tired, and wished they could go all the way as quietly.

"We shall get out to-night, after all," the Captain said, at the tea-table. "I did not think so, when I saw the line of boats this morning."

"How long are you, generally, in going through?" mamma asked.

"I have done it in nine hours; but that is uncommon. Anything from nine hours to a day and a half, and more."

Harry's eyes opened wide. "A day and a half," he said, "and only thirty-six miles!"

"You will see slower travelling than that before your journey's end," laughed the Captain, rising from the table. "What do you think of six miles a *day?*"

"Nothing could go as slow as that; not even a mud-turtle," said Harry, getting into a discussion with Tom at once, as to how far a turtle really could travel in a day, which, with some playing of dominoes, went on till bed-time.

In a pouring rain next day, they went through Lake Erie to Cleveland, reaching there in the afternoon, and staying till late night; and here Harry wrote and mailed a little letter home. Next day through St. Clair, a mere speck of a lake, to Huron, and here began a wind, which blew and blew, till Harry, sea-sick again, hardly cared what became of them. Great waves dashed over the boat, which rolled from side to side. People with pale faces crawled out now and then, holding tight to the railing. Things in the steerage seemed to be having their own way altogether, and loose pots and pans went bumpity-bump against the sides, one going overboard, and bobbing up and down in the waves some time before it sunk. Through the Straits of Mackinaw it was tolerably quiet. Harry went on deck, and looked through the

Captain's glass at the trading post at Mackinaw; but as they entered Lake Michigan it grew worse and worse, till at last, late in the afternoon, the Captain said it would be unsafe to go on through the night, and put in to shore.

Look on your maps at the northwestern shore of Michigan and you will see a point called Sleeping Bear. Right under the nose of this bear they went into harbor; and here they lay two days, while the wind howled down the pipes, and tugged at the ropes which held them to the pier, and altogether went on in all sorts of improper ways. Half a mile back from shore were two or three log-houses; and nearer by, a store, owned by the company which ran this line of propellers. They called it Glen Harbor City, and of course every one on board visited it, for time hung heavy in the two days of waiting.

The pier was long, and almost dangerous for the children to cross, for the wind swept over it with such force, as almost to carry them away. Once on shore, they plunged into deep, white sand, which whirled into their eyes and filled their shoes, and was in every way uncomfortable. Harry did not mind it, and he and the other children dug a great hole in the sand, and

played they were in a fort. He found, too, one beautiful cornelian; and on seeing it, almost every one on board went out in search of more, and scattered along the shore for a mile or two. All the neighborhood came down to see the boats, for by this time two or three more had come in to escape the wind. The second day, while they were at dinner, a tall man in a red shirt, appeared in the door way.

"There's goin 'ter be a ball ter-night, an' any of you that's a mind ter, can come," he said, looking around, and then went away without waiting for an answer.

"Well, ladies," the Captain said, laughing, "I am at your service. How many shall I have the pleasure of escorting?"

"Mamma and me," said Harry, at which they all began to laugh, and the engineer asked whether he would go in pink silk or white, and would he allow him the pleasure of the first waltz. Mrs. Twitchell and one or two others said they would go; and so, when seven o'clock struck, quite a party went on shore. Clara said she had read stories about balls, and wasn't it splendid to think they were really going to one? Miss 'Melia had frizzed her hair, on a pipe-handle, heated in a lamp, till Tom said she looked like a walking hornet's nest, and

Clarence had smoothed his down with something which smelled very strong of winter-green.

The house at which the ball was to be was a log one, divided into two rooms. In one, eight or nine girls sat solemnly; and in another were the men, wood-choppers and teamsters, waiting for the music. The only fiddler in the country lived two miles back, and had not got there yet. The children sat down, feeling, in the dead silence, a good deal as if they were at a funeral. By and by a faint squeak was heard coming down the road. It grew louder and louder, and soon an immensely tall man came in, dressed in a blue shirt, with red braid zigzagging up the front.

"All you that ain't goin' to dance, set tight to the wall," he shouted, beginning "Money Musk."

The men poured in from the next room, seized partners, and began at once a cotillon. No walking through the figures, but a double shuffle whenever the least chance for one came in; and coming down on their heels at the end of each figure with a rattle and clatter, quite delightful to Harry. Captain Davis took a partner when a second dance began; a fat girl in green calico, trimmed with alternate rows

of yellow and black braid, and evidently the belle, for two or three came up to engage her; and one young man stood and glowered at the Captain through the dance, and led her away as soon as it ended. The refreshments were root beer and gingerbread; one in tin cups, the other in chunks.

"We did use to git up a supper," said the woman to whom the house belonged. "But you see we don't have nothin' but what we raise, 'cept what the boats brings along in summer time; an' in the winter we git down to hog an' hominy mostly, unless a sled maybe goes back for a load o' store things, an' that ain't often. It's stylisher, they *do* say, to have cake, an' a drink o' something tasty; an' it's handier, any way."

"Do you have many balls in the winter?" asked Mrs. Prescott.

"Two a week, straight through," the woman said. "Them, an' a meetin' now and then, is the only things there is to pass away the time when work's done. They have 'em here, mostly. Ourn's the biggest house round; and that short young man over there," pointing to the jealous young man, "he's got a horse he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for; an' he rigs up

a sled and goes after 'em. That's my Cornely he's standin' by. They'll be jined afore long. She got the pattern for that dress o' hern out o' a fashion-book. It's tasty, ain't it?"

"Quite gay," Mrs. Prescott said, wanting so to laugh that she was very uncomfortable, and wondered if the squaws had fashion-books, and wore trains. The mate came in just then, and whispered to the Captain, who came to them at once.

"The wind has changed," he said, "and is driving us on shore. We must start to-night," and he hurried them away. It was not easy getting on board, the boat rose and fell so, grinding against the heavy timbers of the pier, as if her sides would be crushed in. But they were safely on board at last, and Harry hurried to bed, knowing that more sea-sickness was coming. He was not mistaken; and that night, and next day, it was hard to say which felt the worse, he or mamma. All day long they labored through Lake Michigan. One paddle came off the screw; and as another had been lost in one of the locks, they went very slowly, not getting into Milwaukie till ten that evening.

It was the twelfth of November, and Dr. Prescott had been waiting there nearly a

week, watching for the boat, which had left Ogdensburg the third, and should have been but five days in getting through. You will know how anxious he must have been at the delay, and how glad to hear, as he started down to the docks for the last time that night, that the *Akron* was in. Harry sat up as soon as the dreadful motion ceased, though he felt weak and dizzy; and mamma put on her things, just in time for papa, who hugged them both so hard, and so many times, that it was doubtful whether they could get off that night. There was a carriage waiting for them; and after they had said good-by to Captain Davis, they went to a hotel, and slept deliciously till morning.

After breakfast they went through some of the principal streets of the city, taking cars for Prairie Du Chien at eleven, and reaching there in the evening. The steamboat which they expected to find waiting, had been delayed, so there was another night at a hotel, and a walk about town next morning, while waiting for the boat. Harry did not like it a bit. Pigs ran everywhere through the streets, as they do in too many Western towns, and the prairie stretched away on all sides, dull, brown, and gray.

The Mississippi was another disappointment. A mud-colored stream, flowing swiftly between high bluffs, sandy, and crumbling away on either side. The boat came about ten, looking to Harry like a three-story house afloat. The lower deck was entirely open, and the freight piled here, the cabin being up-stairs. The smoke-stacks were taller than any he had ever seen before, and a constant shower of cinders fell from them. The cabin ran the whole length of the boat; a bar was at one end, where were always people drinking, and the other intended for ladies, though neither doors nor curtains separated it from the main saloon, where the long table stood. Their state-room was at the ladies' end of the boat, opening by a second door, as did all of them, on a gallery running entirely around the boat, and roofed, to protect it from the cinders, which lay in little piles wherever they could find lodgment. On one of the velvet sofas near their door, sat an old woman with her husband, both smoking short black pipes. At dinner they sat opposite, and near them was a man with such tightly curling hair and dark skin, that Harry could hardly believe him white.

There was nothing *really* good to eat on

the table, but everything was showy. Little glass dishes, with dabs of jelly; great glass dishes, with pink and blue frosted cakes, and pies and tarts between.

"If this ain't a lay-out!" said the curly-headed man. "It's sech a lay-out as I hain't seen, no, not for eighteen year."

"Where have you been?" asked Dr. Prescott, at whom he looked, with two or three little nods, as if expecting an answer.

"Where I hain't been would be easier to tell," he answered. "I've been where there ain't many that has: down in Arizona, and pretty much anywhere you like in South America. Then I got tired rovin' round, and settled down to my trade a spell, blacksmithin', in Nicaragua. I'm goin' to a queerer place yet, now. Likely you don't know nothin' about it? Red Lake."

"I left there a month or so ago, and am on my way back now."

"You!" said the curly-headed man. "I'm beat! Them your folks alongside o' you? You ain't goin' to take *them* through?"

"Yes," said Dr. Prescott. "Are you going through directly?"

"No, I ain't," said the man. "I'm goin'

through some time the last o' December. Goin' to trade up there a while. Reckon you're working for Government — Doctor, maybe ?"

"Yes," said Dr. Prescott, half smiling; "so we shall see each other again."

"You was off on a hunt with the red skins," said the man, "when I was up last summer. I'm Bob Aikens, and you're Dr. Prescott, I take it. You don't have a lay-out like this up to Red Lake every day, I tell you now."

Mr. Aikens stopped talking here, and paid strict attention to every article of the "lay-out;" so strict, that he was not half through the bill of fare when Harry had finished his dinner. He joined them on deck after a little while, and talked most to Harry, looking at Mrs. Prescott now and then, and saying, — "Well, I'm beat! To think you're going through!"

In the two days' journey they became well acquainted. He was as thoroughly uneducated as a man could well be; and yet, having watched closely everything he had seen in his wanderings through strange countries, was more entertaining than any one else on board. A crowd gathered about him, as he sat talking of adventures here and there, and everywhere, and all

were sorry to say good-by when he got off at Red Wing, shaking hands with the Prescotts as heartily as if he had known them for years. You will hear more of him as the story goes on.

The morning of the third day brought them to St. Paul, a city on a hill, or what seemed a hill, after the prairie all about, and the last point on the Mississippi to which boats run. Sometimes one goes up to the foot of St. Anthony's Falls, between Minneapolis and St. Anthony, but St. Paul is considered the head of navigation on the river. Here Harry saw a crowd of stern-wheelers, or "dew boats," as they are called, which are of such light draught, that 'tis said they will run in three inches of water, and which have only one small wheel at the stern. Just below the city they passed the longest raft they had seen, though several had been met on their way down, some large and some small.

This one was entirely of boards, and laden with thousands of shingles in neat bundles. In the middle was a sort of house, made of some of these boards; a woman sat in the door, knitting, and two children were by her. Three men were at each end, all working at long oars, which seemed to be pieces of timber.

They were trying to get the raft a little nearer the shore, and Harry saw the reason in a moment; for, though their boat was far enough away, the swell she made quite covered one end of the raft, which swayed as if it would come to pieces; one end went down so far, that the man on it had to jump; but the woman sat quite still, watching her biscuit, which were browning in a tin baker before the fire.

Harry had thought, on first seeing these rafts, that the fire was built right on the boards; but he soon found out that there was a large box on each, filled with sand, on which the fire was made. There were posts set up on each side, and a cross-piece, with two or three hooks dangling from it, on which they hung the kettles for cooking. They had blankets and buffalo skins in the house; and on one side was a boat, so that they could go ashore if they got out of provisions, for sometimes they are weeks in getting down the river.

Harry waved his handkerchief to the children, who did nothing but stare at him; and then he went to the other side, to have one more look at the curious flat-boats which they had taken in tow at Hastings, and which were exactly like great Noah's Arks, and used for carrying

grain. If I were not in such a hurry to be at Red Lake, I should tell you more of the strange sights on and along the river, but there is no more time for that.

They left St. Paul at noon for Minneapolis, stopping just beyond grim Fort Snelling, at a station, which was — what do you think? The Falls of Minnehaha! Harry had read the "Song of Hiawatha." Indeed, in many of the long days spent in a darkened room, mamma had cheered him, by telling, among many other stories, the wonderful adventures, which she knew by heart, of Hiawatha and his friends; and best among them, Harry liked his wooing of Minnehaha. The Falls were as beautiful as our dear poet's words which describe them, and which you can all read for yourselves. They spent the time till the train came at four, going on all sides, to get every possible view of them; at the very last, walking over the narrow, slippery path in the rocks, right behind the sheet of water, where there is a cave, a little like the Cave of the Winds at Niagara, and where the roar almost deafened Harry.

At Minneapolis, where they waited two or three days, expecting to see the Indian Agent, were the Falls of St. Anthony,

roaring and tumbling over the rocks. Here are the largest saw-mills on the Mississippi, and indeed, this wonderful water-power is used for every sort of mill, and Harry was never tired of going from one to another, watching the making of tubs and pails, sashes, and blinds, and doors, woollen goods, and paper. The great buildings seemed, many of them, right on the smaller Falls. One in particular had a little gallery running around it, and, leaning over, he watched the water, green here, brown there, churned into foam among the rocks, plunging at last to more rocks below, which tossed it back in clouds of spray. Sometimes a stray log escaped from some "boom," whirled along, standing almost upright as it neared the main Fall, and then leaping down to the foam.

He liked, too, to cross the suspension-bridge between Minneapolis and St. Anthony, and feel it spring under his feet as he walked; but, though there was so much to do, he was not sorry to hear one day that the Indian Agent had come, and that, in the afternoon, they could leave for St. Cloud, the last point northwest of St. Paul to which railroads are yet built.

They reached St. Cloud in the evening, Harry too tired to care for anything but

bed, or even to look out when the hotel omnibus crossed the Mississippi on a ferry-boat which slid over on a wire. The stage for Crow Wing left at six the next morning, and Harry was just enough awake to see that two boys were sitting on the back seat, by a woman who held a baby. The sun came up as they stopped at Sauk Rapids to take in a passenger, and Harry, looking out, saw that they were on an unbroken prairie stretching miles and miles away.

It was a weary day's ride. The roads were frozen just enough to be bumpy, the baby cried, and when it did not cry the mother talked to anybody who listened, about the fine house she had left "down the river," how well she could dress if she chose, and the excellent table she always set. Harry listened with wide-open eyes as she went on.

"Why, there wasn't a day we didn't have fresh and salt, and we could a-had pound-cake every meal if we'd been a mind to."

"Then, if you *could* a-had pound-cake whenever you was a mind, it's a mean shame you never did," said the eldest boy, at which the mother, turning very red, boxed his ears, and told him he didn't know what he was talking about.

They stopped for dinner at a little place called Swan River, where the woman left them, and went on again through the afternoon, crossing the Mississippi as twilight came on, to Fort Ripley, which, four years before, had been besieged by Indians for over a week, crowded all the time with women and children who had gone in there for protection when the raid began. Harry looked at the high stockade of logs inclosing the buildings, and at some soldiers pacing up and down, but was too tired to think much of anything. Papa was holding him, and, lying in these strong arms, he shut his eyes and was so sound asleep that he knew nothing more till the stage stopped, an hour later.

"What place is this?" he said, sitting up suddenly, and rubbing his eyes.

"Crow Wing," papa answered. "We are going on in a few minutes. Only four miles now to the Agency."

The stage started again while he spoke, and Harry looked out at the lights in the little village, dimly seen through a drizzly rain, and then down to a river, which, in a few moments, they crossed by ferry-boat. Then came more bumping over the frozen road; another river, this time crossed by a log bridge, another

mile of prairie, then lights and voices. The stage stopped; papa jumped out, mamma and Harry found themselves on the ground, and a kind, slow voice said, "You are welcome to Chippewa Agency."

"Don't keep them out there one minute Alvin," said a brisk voice, belonging to a very tall, very energetic lady, who led them at once into a large room, where a bright fire burned, and a table covered with books and work, and the bright lamp lighting up some pictures on the walls, made it look more home-like than any place they had seen since the real home had been left behind.

"Starved you are, and pretty nearly frozen, too, I do believe. Sit and get warm, and we'll have supper in a minute," said the lady, bustling out.

"Who is she?" Harry whispered, looking at a boy who stood behind the stove looking at him.

"Mrs. Brenton," said mamma. "This is Dr. Brenton's house, where we shall stay till we start for Leech Lake."

The two doctors came in just then, and Mrs. Brenton called them all to supper. Mamma's fingers were so cold she could but just untie her bonnet-strings; papa helped her, and pulled off some of Harry's

wraps, and they went out to a long room, and a long table, with everything to be thought of on it. Harry had said he was too tired to be hungry; but home-made bread and sweet butter, the first they had seen since coming West, developed an appetite, which Mrs. Brenton seemed to think was not half what it should be.

"You'll learn to eat before you've been in Minnesota long," she said. "That's about all you can do when you get up yonder. I can't believe my ears that you're really going through, Mrs. Prescott. You don't know any more about it than a baby."

"She soon will," said Dr. Brenton, in his slow, pleasant way. "She is a brave woman, of whom we shall all be proud."

"Day after to-morrow we are to go," Dr. Prescott said. "The Major and clerk are going up in an empty team, and so we shall get through with only one night's camping."

Harry's eyes sparkled, and the boy on the other side of the table laughed. He laughed again when they had gone back to the sitting-room.

"I guess you'll get enough of it," he said. "Why, you have to sleep on sticks."

"But we've got blankets, plenty of 'em," said Harry, "and a buffalo skin."

"Well, you see if you don't have to sleep on sticks. Can you talk Chippewa?"

"I know two words," said Harry, "that papa told me. *He* can talk it."

"Hoh!" said the boy. "I don't believe you can shoot with a bow and arrow, or walk on snow-shoes, either. Do you know how to trap? I don't believe you do."

"Come, Frank," said Dr. Brenton, "ask your questions to-morrow, when I rather think you will find Harry knows some things that you, in this Indian country, have never learned."

Harry walked away to bed, thinking that when morning came he would soon find a way to surprise Frank, but went to sleep before he had planned what it should be. When he woke, the sun was shining brightly in; and, as he jumped out of bed, mamma came in.

"You and Frank have both done well," she said. "'Tis almost nine o'clock, and you are just awake." Harry dressed in a hurry, and, when his late breakfast was over, went out with Frank, leaving mamma writing letters.

The Agency buildings formed a hollow square, in the centre of which was a tall flag-staff. At one side were two long, low log-houses, and about them a stockade like that at the Fort.

"There's where they keep the Indian goods," said Frank, seeing Harry looking at them. "They used to be barred, and the gates shut and everything, when the Sioux was here. There was a stockade round all the buildings, but it's cut down since the Sioux are driven away. They were the fighting Indians. Chippewas don't fight the whites: they fight Sioux, though. Here comes 'Hole in the Day.'"[1]

"Who?" said Harry, turning, and almost wanting to run, as a tall Indian, wrapped in a scarlet blanket, went by towards the office. Mamma, who had seen him pass, came out on the porch for her first look at the chief of all the Mississippi Indians. Dr. Prescott took them over to the office after a time, and introduced them to his majesty, who shook hands and said, "Bo jau," which means, "How do you do?"

He stayed but a few minutes, having

[1] Since this was written, Hole in the Day, whose picture is given here, has been killed.

"Here comes 'Hole in the Day.'" See page 50.

come up to see the Agent, who was not there, but who came at evening. Harry wrote a letter home, and went to bed to dream all night that he was walking on Boston Common, followed by a procession of little Indians, every one with snow-shoes and a bow and arrow.

CHAPTER III.

HARRY was roused before sunrise by the bustle all about him. They were to start by eight o'clock, and the Major had risen very early to attend to some Indians who wanted to see him.

Harry went into the kitchen when he had dressed. Mrs. Brenton was there, and before her a large wooden box, with leathern hinges and lock, like a trunk, into which she was putting bread and pie, and a great pan of doughnuts.

"I'm filling the mess chest," she said; "you'll be hungrier on the road than you ever were before."

Harry did not doubt it, for he was so hungry now that he could but just wait for breakfast; nor did he have to wait long.

"Good-by to hoops," papa had said, just before breakfast. "You may as well leave yours here, Mary, for it will be only in your way after this."

So mamma came to breakfast in a very loose, short dress, made for just such trav-

The journey through the woods. See page 53.

elling. Dr. Brenton said she knew exactly what to wear, and was a sensible woman. At the door stood a long wagon painted blue, and with heavy wheels. In the back were some boxes of goods, going to the Upper Agency, for the Indians. The big trunk was in front, with papa's valise; a buffalo skin was spread over the boxes, and in the middle of the wagon were five or six pairs of blankets, folded, to sit on. Mrs. Prescott took a place here, and Harry next to her. Dr. Prescott, and Mr. Peal, the clerk, sat opposite; and the Major, sitting high up on the big trunk, drove the two fat horses. The Indians had stayed to see the white squaw who was going to Red Lake, and all the Agency people came out to see them off, even to the tall blacksmith, who shook his head as he went back to work.

The morning was frosty, but very clear. The horses trotted briskly over the prairie, their bells jingling, for all horses in the Indian country wear each a bell, winter and summer. Soon they came to pine woods, which grew thicker and denser as they went on. No snow had fallen yet; and which most covered the ground, pine leaves or winter-green, it was hard to tell. Winter-green, loaded with bright red

berries, Harry never had seen in such quantities. He soon found that it was easy to drop off behind when the horses were going slowly, and so he did it now and then, climbing back with handfuls of the berries, which were spicy and cold, and better than any he had ever tasted before. He found, too, sometimes, huckleberries, frozen but still clinging to the bush. They all ate them; but a bushel would hardly have taken away the appetites given by the pure, clear air, and hungry did not begin to express their feelings when noon came.

The mess chest was whisked out to the ground. Dr. Prescott cut some strips of birch bark, while Harry picked up small dry sticks, with which they kindled a fire near a log, which must have been used for the same purpose the night before, as it was still warm and smoking, while a pile of brands lay before it.

A little lake was close by, for there are lakes and creeks every few miles, from Crow Wing to Pembina. Harry brought a tin pail full of the clear, sparkling water, while his father cut down a little pine-tree, and chopped it up for the fire. The Major stuck a stick into the ground, which bent down to just the right dis-

tance from the fire, when the pail was hung on it. Tongues of yellow flame shot up, and as the heavier wood caught, blazed steadily around the pail, into which, as the water boiled, the Major threw a great handful of tea. Mamma wondered at the quantity, but found soon that every one in camp drank tea, the stronger the better, and that it was made regularly three times a day, summer and winter. The Major took some tin basins, and a cup of brown sugar from the chest; every one helped himself to a tin plate and iron spoon, and ate bread and cheese and doughnuts, and drank tea in astonishing quantities, while the two horses buried their noses in a box of oats, and looked around contentedly while they ate.

Gull Lake, the Major told Harry it was, where they were camping, eighteen miles from the Agency, and he showed him where a logging camp was to be in a week or two. Lumbermen go up to the "Pineries," as they are called, generally in December; go into camp, and, through the winter, cut logs, which, during spring freshets, float down the various rivers to the Mississippi; and through that to the great mills, where they are sawed into

lumber. There will be more to tell you of these camps, by and by.

At one o'clock they started on, passing in an hour or two an Indian village, on the edge of a creek. There was one log-house, with a piece of white cotton cloth stretched in the window, to take the place of glass. All the rest were wigwams, some large, some small, covered nearly to the top with birch bark, and a blanket hung before the opening which served as door. The Indians all flocked out to look; very few men among them, as nearly all were off hunting; but plenty of women, half-grown boys, and little children, who ran after the wagon, calling, "Pequaiggeekan, Ogema!" which means, "Some bread, chief!"

The Major threw them some ship biscuit, which they took with delight, for anything made of flour they are anxious to get. Two or three, among them a tall boy sixteen or seventeen years old, followed for a while, and Harry, looking back at his blanketed figure, and black elf locks, thought of tomahawks, and almost imagined he might throw one.

They passed now at intervals the sites of old villages, the poles still stuck in the ground, marking where wigwams had

been, and ready for future use. Toward evening they went through what are called "Abraham's Plains;" flat, very swampy ground; black, skeleton pines standing here and there, and wild rice and flags growing to the edge of the road, which here is corduroy, else the horses would sink to their breasts.

Corduroy road is made by cutting down trees, trimming away the branches, and laying the logs side by side in the swamp. Some settle deeper than others; the result being, sometimes an upset, and always such jolts and bumps, such a tumbling off of everything loose, and dancing up and down of everything else, that mamma, in terror, as she saw the big trunk and the Major sliding back together, declared she would walk.

Wonderful walking it proved to be. Mud holes, over which she jumped; standing water, a thin crust of ice on it, through which rubbers took them safely; up and down the round logs sinking under them in some places, making the most uncomfortable footing you can well imagine, till, quite tired out, Harry said he meant to get back to the wagon, and climbed up behind. Corduroy ended before he was really in. They left the swampy ground,

and entered again the thick woods, stopping in a few minutes for the night, as it was now almost dark.

The tops of the tall trees swaying overhead showed that a gale must be blowing on the open prairie, but low down in the woods it was hardly felt. The air was cold and clear, but not one shivered, as they would have done at home, after being out-of-doors all day. A fire was the first thing to be thought of. Harry got the birch bark this time, and some small sticks too. The Major and Dr. Prescott dragged up two or three logs lying near by, as a foundation, and, having lit the fire, which crackled and spread through the smaller branches, and seizing on the pine logs, blazed up at once, took their axes and went into the wood, while Mr. Peal unharnessed the horses, and after rubbing them down, went to the creek for water. Harry stood by mamma, warming himself, and listening to the sound of the axes, and the crash of one tree after another, till four had fallen.

"What do they want so many for?" he said. "There is fire enough for tea."

"But not for all night," said Mr. Peal, who had come back with water, which the horses were drinking now. "Thee has never camped, so thee does not know that we keep a fire all night."

"To keep off bears?" said Harry, who began to think of all the stories of camp-life he had ever read. "Do you suppose bears will come?"

"The bears have gone West," said Mr. Peal. "They are not fond of society, and had too much of it after this road was made; so they left."

"I thought this was as west as it could be," said Harry.

"No," said the Major, who came bearing one end of a log, while Dr. Prescott had the other. "The West is several hundred miles off. Minnesota is *East;* didn't you know that?"

Another log was on its way in before Harry could answer, and soon six or seven lay near the fire, ready for use when wanted. The water which had been put over at once on lighting the fire, was boiling, and ready for tea. The mess chest was lifted out again, the wagon drawn up one side, that the load might be under guard all night; the horses allowed rope enough, to give them liberty in case they preferred winter-green berries to oats; and then, sitting around the fire, they ate supper with appetites quite equal to those they had brought to dinner. Mamma washed the dishes to-night, with a branch of white-pine

for a dishcloth, and stood them up against a log to dry. Harry, in the mean time, amused himself with breaking off bits from more of these branches, and throwing them on the fire, where they crackled a moment, sending up such lovely gold and violet flames, that, delighted, he dragged up larger branches, and threw them on, one after another.

"Come down the road a little way, and you will get the effect of a camp better than by staying in it," said papa to mamma.

Harry threw on three or four more branches, and followed, turning in a few moments, as they came to a little log bridge over the creek, and looking back to the camp, lit by the firelight, which leaped up against the background of tall black pines, each one standing out clear and distinct; here and there a white birch or popple, the pale ghost of a tree, and everywhere strange, distorted stumps and roots, which one could imagine at pleasure, wild animals or Indians. Standing still on the little bridge, the dark water flowing softly below, and looking off beyond the fire-lighted circle, to depths of shadow, a note or two of music came from the distance; and turning suddenly, Harry almost cried out, as he saw the tall figure of an Indian close be-

hind them on the bridge, the silent tread of his moccasined foot not having been heard by one of them.

Papa said a few words which Harry did not understand, and walked back to camp, followed closely by the Indian, who sat down on his heels, and without speaking, looked steadily at them. A woman came in in a few moments, carrying a birch bark pan full of fresh fish, whose gills were still quivering, and asking for "pequaiggeekan" in exchange. The Major gave her some crackers; at which, the man rising, said, "Hawhaw!" and the woman, "Megwetch," which means, "thank you."

Harry, with mamma and papa, followed them back to the wigwam, the music growing plainer as they drew nearer. Here they found a whole family, on their way to Leech Lake, but staying here for a day or two, and comfortably at housekeeping, as all Indians can be, on ten minutes' notice. The rolls of birch bark and rush mats, the two or three pails for cooking, and the corn and other provisions, are carried on the women's backs, — everything rolled in a rush mat, tied up with thongs of skin, or a rope of braided grass, and held in place by a wide band passing across the woman's forehead. A few poles are cut when night

and camping time come, and a wigwam set up, or an old one taken possession of. The birch bark is put around to keep off the wind, the rush mats laid down, as seat, table, and bed, and after a supper of parched corn, and sometimes fish from the nearest lake or creek, they roll themselves in their blankets, which, winter and summer, an Indian always has with him, and go to sleep.

The musician was an Indian boy, who had a flageolet made from a reed, on which he played something which could hardly be called a tune, for it had but four plaintive minor notes.

Hung to a pole was a baby: that is, the baby was fastened to a board, and the board to a pole of the wigwam, and the little thing, bound down by two bead-work bands, so that neither hand nor foot could stir, looked around with its bright black eyes, and even smiled at Harry, who, you may be sure, was looking hard as he could at everything in the first wigwam which he had ever visited. The women seemed pleased at their call, and Harry went back to camp, wondering what some of his Boston friends would say, if they knew he was sleeping on the ground in the woods, with an Indian camp close by.

The Major sat by the fire smoking, while Mr. Peal was breaking off pine boughs, and strewing them over the ground.

"Old campers can do without this," he said to Mrs. Prescott, "but thy bones are not used to bare ground, and thee will find these boughs comfortable as a spring mattress."

Dr. Prescott helped him in the work till a thick bed had been made; then spread their blankets, while the Major stretched one at the back, to keep off the wind.

"Take off your shoes, else your feet will be very cold before morning," said papa, "and all your wraps, too."

Harry saw with surprise that the Major and Mr. Peal had both taken off their boots and coats, and thought to himself that that surely was the right way to shiver through the night; he was still more surprised as they laid down, to see that they did not keep their feet under the blankets, but put them out toward the fire, on which two or three more logs had been piled. Raising his head, after all were settled for the night, he saw that Dr. Prescott's feet, too, were out toward the fire, and could keep still no longer.

"Did you know your feet weren't covered up, papa?" he said.

"Why, yes," said Dr. Prescott. "Feet are always warmer put out in this way, than they are under cover; and even in coldest winter, the teamsters and lumbermen who may be camping out, always take off their boots or moccasins, and lie with their feet to the fire."

"O, what's that?" said Harry, suddenly, as a long howl came through the forest, followed by a quick, sharp bark.

"Wolves, and a fox," said papa; "and that is a screech owl," as a most dreadful scream was heard overhead, which made both mamma and Harry jump.

"I never can go to sleep," said Harry, sitting up, while mamma seemed inclined to do the same.

"Thee need not fear," said Mr. Peal, drowsily. "There is no danger."

"Not a particle," said papa; "no wild animal comes near such a fire as this. Try and go to sleep."

Harry lay down again, getting close to papa, looking up to the deep blue sky, and then off to the woods, which the moon, now risen, lit up only too distinctly. He started as the howls came again, and half fancied a stump near by must be a bear, but, too tired to look about long, was soon sound asleep. Mamma kept awake longer.

Indians and wolves seemed strange company; but soon she, too, forgot to be troubled, and was quietly asleep, half waking, when the Major got up to renew the fire, but drowsing again at once.

It seemed to Harry that he had not slept an hour, when he opened his eyes, to see papa throwing another log on the fire; while in a frying-pan, the fish sizzled and browned, with some slices of pork. The moon was still shining, but gray twilight in the east showed that daylight was coming.

"Breakfast in ten minutes," said the Major. "Half-past four now, and we must be off soon, or we sha'n't get in to Leech Lake to-night. The road isn't so good to-day."

"Good morning, my aged friend," said Mr. Peal, as Harry stood up. "Thy locks are white. Did thy fright turn them?"

"Yours are, too," said Harry, "and mamma's some. Why, what is it? It comes off on my hand."

"Frost; hoar-frost," said papa, laughing. "My beard was covered when I woke up."

Harry laced his shoes, and went down to the creek with mamma, to freshen their faces in the cold water. Cold it was, with needle-like particles of ice floating in it,

and the Indian girl filling her pail, looked on in surprise at this way of using water, — her own face seldom, if ever, being washed, except by the rivers through which she might chance to wade or swim.

Papa followed them down, and they went back to breakfast, hungry as could be. The Indian who had come into camp the night before, received the remnants of the meal, carrying them to his wigwam, and by half past five our party were off.

To-day was like yesterday; no swamp to go through, being the only difference. Till afternoon the sun shone, and they enjoyed it; but then a fine, cold rain began, and the last four or five hours they sat wrapped in rubber cloaks, almost too cold and stiff to talk, even. Woods, woods, woods, till Harry would have shouted at the sight of open country. He was too tired and achy for that, though; when about eight o'clock they saw lights and dim shapes of houses, and, stopping at last, through the dark, drizzly night, were led into a large room, lighted by a fire in an open chimney, where they went to bed at once, inclined to think that feathers were altogether better than pine boughs.

Harry woke next morning thinking he heard the ringing of a school-bell, and for-

getting for a moment where he was. A bell certainly was ringing, and in the next room he heard the tramping of many feet, and sounds as if the confusion of tongues at Babel had begun all over again. News of the Major's coming had spread, and brought together Indians and half-breeds from every quarter; and going out to breakfast, they found in the wide, low room, a crowd, at which Harry stared in such wonder, as to be almost unable to eat his breakfast. A very good one it was, set out on a long table two boards wide. Harry sat by his mother, and the Major and clerk, with his father, on the same side. Directly opposite him sat George Bunga, the interpreter, a tall, powerful negro, talking English, French, or Chippewa, just as it happened. He is so noted a man in the Indian country, that by and by I shall tell you more of him.

Next to him was Be-ghe-kee, or "Old Buffalo," head chief at Leach Lake, and a firm friend of the whites, wrapped in a dirty blanket, and using his long scalping-knife in eating fried pork. Next to him, a civilized Indian, his hair cut, and wearing the white man's dress, but with beaded shirt bosom, and gay leggins. Then came three or four half-breeds, with ear-rings

and bright shawls twisted around their waists, and all with the long knife which every one wears there. At the head of the table stood Oliver, the owner of the house, pouring coffee; a Kentuckian, who, from long life in that country, was more than half Indian, and with his long black hair, and dark skin, seemed quite one of them.

Chippewa, Cree, broken English, and a barbarous French, mixed with the language of any tribe among whom the half-breeds had lived, sounded in Harry's ears, who, trying to understand everything, grew distracted, and understood nothing. Papa left them after breakfast, coming in after a time, with a troubled face, and sitting down, as if he did not at all know what to do.

"I have been out to the warehouse," he said, "expecting to find our boxes of goods there, but not one has come; and Daggett, who was to have brought them up, says he went twice to Crow Wing for them, finding nothing there. We *must* get up to Red Lake as soon as possible, and I see no way to do but to return with Daggett, who starts to-morrow morning, and see to things myself. I went at once to the engineer's house, and his wife is

quite willing you should board there till I can get back."

"I am very glad of that," said mamma, who had been looking anxious and troubled. "It would have been very disagreeable to stay here in such a houseful, and of course we cannot go on without provisions, and other things."

"Then," said papa, "we will go over to the engineer's;" and wrapping up warmly, they left the noisy house, and went out to the cold air and bright sunshine.

As at the Lower Agency, the buildings formed a hollow square; but, unlike them, these were near a beautiful lake; low hills rising from the opposite shore, an island or two in sight, and points of land running far out into the lake, which papa said was longer than Lake George. Coming nearer, they saw the quaintest little steamboat, built, he told them, the year before, which the Indians, he said, disliked very much, and had threatened to burn, saying that the Great Spirit did not like fire-boats on the waters he had made, because they frightened and killed the fish.

"Here comes George Bunga," he went on, hurriedly. "He thinks himself far above any Indian, or even the few white traders who come up here, so be very respectful."

Bunga came up as he finished, and bowed low to Mrs. Prescott, taking off his skin cap, and showing a round head covered with grizzly wool, quite white in spots. He was full six feet tall, and though dressed in great part like a white man, still wore moccasins, the long knife in a deer-skin sheath worked with beads, and a bright shawl around his waist.

"Not much like your far-off home, madam," he said, with another bow, and so courtly a manner, that she was amazed. "You see a wild country, but I remember a time when it was wilder. I came here to trade for the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1840, and am the first white man that ever saw Leech Lake. My house was the first one built here, and" —

Unfortunately the Major, who did not know half a dozen words of Chippewa, was hemmed in by a crowd of them, all talking at once, and called to Bunga to come and interpret; and mamma, waiting till he was out of hearing, laughed at Harry's astonishment, and Bunga's idea of his own color.

"I believe the man really thinks he is white," said papa; "and he is in every way far beyond the ordinary white men here; has fewer vices, and tries to educate

his children as well as he can; while the whites, or, at any rate, the traders among them, who all have squaw wives, seem to be more brutish than the worst Indians, and do them nothing but harm."

Walking on as they talked, they met Mr. Kitchen, the engineer, and went into his little house, which seemed very quiet and pleasant after the noisy one they had left. Mrs. Kitchen was one of the only two white women at Leech Lake, and had been there a year. Her two little children were playing about the room; so fat, that when they tumbled down, it seemed as if they never could get up; and when they did get up, as if it must hurt them to run with such heavy legs to lift at each step.

Mrs. Kitchen showed them the missionary's house, and said there was to be a meeting there at ten o'clock. It was almost ten now, for they had had a very late breakfast; so they all went down together, and were introduced to the missionary, a gray-headed, kindly-looking, weather-beaten man, who said he had been among them twenty years. There were long, narrow benches, for the use of his scholars, who soon filled them, the older Indians as they came in, sitting down and balancing in some queer way

on their heels. All the service was in Chippewa, except the last prayer, which Mr. Wright made in English, translating into Chippewa each sentence as he went along, which made it sound very strangely.

They took dinner at the sort of boarding-house where they had had breakfast, meeting the same queer crowd at table; and after dinner, went over to Mrs. Kitchen's to stay, where the rest of the day went by like a dream, the last thing Harry remembered at night, being the dropping of the curtain over three or four Indian faces pressed against the window panes, and looking, with their bright black eyes, at all they could see within. Papa left them next morning; and now, before going on with the story, I will tell you a little of who these Indians are, and why we call Leech Lake, and other places you will hear spoken of, *Agencies.*

Far back as you may go in American History, — whether you begin with the old Northmen, or with Columbus, whose ships sailed into Hispaniola Bay, almost four hundred years ago, or with the Pilgrims who came to the stormy New England coast, long years after, — you will find all of them meeting Indians, who

were the real Americans, but who gave place to the white man, some willingly, some fighting against it. 'Tis the old story you will all learn as you grow older, — a strong race, conquering and driving out a weaker one; and, fight as they would, these Indians gave place more and more each year, to whites, who came from every nation of Europe to the new country.

In 1667, hundreds of tribes, some peaceful, some warlike, and each one numbering many thousands, occupied the larger part of the United States. In 1867 you find two thirds of these tribes extinct, and the remaining ones driven west of the Mississippi, — lessening in numbers each year, but clinging to old customs, and in no way changing from the Indian of two hundred years ago. Government buys their land, agreeing to pay them so much money and goods yearly; moves them farther west, and appoints for each tribe an agent, sometimes two, who sees that their annuities are paid regularly and that the provision, blankets, and other goods, are divided among them justly. The Chippewas, or Ojibways, are a powerful tribe; once very numerous, but now only about ten thousand, whom we hear of first at

the time the French discovered Sault Sainte Marie, on Lake Superior. They owned then the whole country, from Green Bay in Wisconsin, up to the head waters of Lake Superior. All through this country are wonderfully rich mines of iron, copper, etc., and these having been discovered, the Government, in 1855, bought them of the Ojibways, who gave them up as hunting-grounds, a few bands remaining, but the greater part going northwest into Minnesota, where they now are. They are divided into different bands, each one under a head chief: the principal ones being the Mississippi Ojibways, about Lakes Winnipeg and Itasca; the Mille Lac band; the Pillagers of Leech Lake, called so by their own people, from their thieving habits; and last, the Red Lake band, the best of all Ojibways, and numbering some three thousand, including the Pembina band.

Till within a few years, the Agency for the Ojibways was near Crow Wing, Minnesota. Here lived the Agent, whose duty you know; a doctor; a farmer, to help them in cultivating their fields, and show them how to use the farming tools given by the Government; a blacksmith, who mends their guns, and sharpens their

axes; an engineer to run the saw-mill, which provides boards for their houses; a carpenter to build them; and last, a teacher, or missionary, whose work is the most discouraging of all, because all Indians distrust all missionaries, and, with very few exceptions, are unwilling to be taught, or to give up their own faith. I shall tell you why, farther on.

The Ojibways have always been friendly to the whites, and are inclined to be peaceable, fighting only against the Sioux or Dacotahs, who are their deadly enemies, and indeed, the enemies of every tribe but their own, making peace only to break it, and never faithful in their treaties with the whites.

There are many other Indian tribes on the great plains, both this side of and beyond the Rocky Mountains; but Chippewas first and Sioux now and then, are all we shall have to do with; and as we go on, I shall try and show them to you just as they are, so that when Harry's life among them ends, you may know them almost as well as he does.

CHAPTER IV.

The first snow fell the day after Dr. Prescott left; a heavy storm, lasting nearly two days; and when the sun shone out again, cold weather came with him, and the ice formed fast on the pretty lake, through which Harry had hoped to sail in the steamboat. Hard paths were quickly made by the Indians, a hundred or two of whom lived back of the Agency buildings; and mamma and Harry walked every day, sometimes going to the wigwams, but oftener along the lake shore, listening to the strange noises under the ice; moans and groans, and sometimes a long howl, followed by a sharp crack, as if some wild animal were coming over the ice. Harry was alone the first time he heard these sounds, and certain that either a bear or wolf was after him, ran home fast as he could go, meeting Mr. Kitchen on the way, and finding out what it was.

He went, too, every day, to Mr. Wright's school, and never tired of looking at the little Indian boys, dressed exactly like

their fathers, but as full of sly mischief as any boys could be. He played with them now and then, learning in this way a good many Ojibway words; but boys and girls both smelled so strongly of fish-oil, and were so wonderfully dirty, that he could not like them. Two or three whom Mr. Wright had taken into the family, were a little cleaner, being obliged to wash their faces every day, and they sometimes spoke a few English words when alone with him, though never when any other Indian was near. I will tell you why.

An Indian dreads being laughed at more than any other thing in this world, and Mr. Wright, in talking of them to Mrs. Prescott, told her this was the great reason why the missionaries, though living among them for many years, had been able to do so little good. If an Indian became a Christian, the whole tribe jeered at him for leaving the faith of his fathers. If they learned and spoke any English, they laughed again, saying the Great Spirit had given them a good language, and did not want His children to speak any other. If a white man's tools were used, or work done as they did; or if one learned to read and write, many were against him, above all the Medicine men, who live on

the superstitions of the Indians, and, having wonderful influence over them, can almost always succeed in undoing the greater part of what the missionaries have tried to do.

The Pillagers of Leech Lake are, as I have told you, the worst among all the different Ojibway bands, never telling the truth under any circumstances, and stealing even from one another, which is very unusual among Indians. Men whose bad deeds have driven them out from other bands, come to the Pillagers, sure of a welcome. Many are too lazy even to hunt, and sit all day before the fire, sometimes all night too, gambling, and beating the small drums, which one of the number always does at such times, only stopping to eat the fish or dried meat which the hard-working women have prepared.

Mrs. Prescott, who had meant in this waiting time to go about a good deal, and learn all she could of their ways, found that, between gambling, vermin, and dirt, the wigwams were places they had better keep away from, and charged Harry never to enter one, unless he went with the engineer or Mr. Wright.

Dr. Prescott was away more than a week not getting back till the fifth of

December; and even then was forced to walk all the way from Crow Wing, — the only team he could get being too heavily loaded to allow of any one's riding. More trouble seemed in prospect, too. Though the ice on the lakes was now thick enough to bear a team, and thirty miles of the journey could be made on them, still, snow had been falling so heavily, that the road beyond, at the best of times only a track, would now be almost impassable, and not one of the regular teamsters would go through at any price.

"Bunga may help you out," said Mr. Wright, to whom Dr. Prescott had been talking. "He trades up there, you know, and means to send a load up very soon. He may take you and some of your things, and Oliver will see to the rest, for he goes up in a fortnight I believe."

So Dr. Prescott went over to the trading-post, where Bunga lived, coming back in an hour or two in good spirits. Bunga's team was to start the next morning; a small box-sled, drawn by two Indian ponies, under the care of Paul Boulanger, a half-breed. Bunga assured him that they need camp out but one night, as the first one they could spend in a house on Cass Lake Island; the second in the hard

woods; and the afternoon of the third day, at latest, would find them at Red Lake. The half-breed was to furnish his own provisions, food for his horses, etc., and to take them, and not over six hundred pounds of their goods.

"We will take four days' provisions, so as to be quite safe," said Dr. Prescott; "and now, as the most of our things are to go by Oliver, we must decide what we had better take with us. Suppose we go out to the warehouse, and look over the boxes."

This took some time; but finally the smaller boxes were put in order for Boulanger to pack them in his sled, and the cooking-stove, packs of flour, and other heavy things, covered up in one corner, ready for Oliver, when he should go up. His wife baked bread and fried doughnuts for them, and by evening every preparation was finished, and they were quite ready for the morrow's journey.

Friday morning, Harry, dressed, as he said, in "four pair of everything," found the house too warm for him, and went outdoors to watch for Boulanger, who came about nine. An hour was spent in loading, and it was not till nearly ten that they were quite ready to start; Mrs. Prescott

and Harry sitting on a feather-bed, and wrapped in heavy Mackinaw blankets; Dr. Prescott on the trunk in front, up to his eyes in buffalo overcoat; and Boulanger, with axe over his shoulder, going in advance to sound the ice, and thus prevent their getting on any weak places. He went on a curious little jog-trot, keeping easily ahead of the horses, and Dr. Prescott said that all the half-breeds travelled in this way, sometimes sixty and seventy miles a day, when carrying important messages, and that they never seemed tired, no matter how steadily they had kept it up.

The ponies trotted fast over the smooth ice, and though a loud crack sometimes startled mamma and Harry, they were soon used to it. The thermometer had stood at fourteen below zero when they started, but they were too well wrapped up to feel the cold, and were surprised when one o'clock came, and they stopped for dinner.

Boulanger cut a hole in the ice, where the horses drank, and from the same place brought a pail of water for the tea; then, as the provisions were taken out, looked through the sled a moment, and sat down by the fire, sighing deeply.

"What is the matter?" Dr. Prescott asked. Boulanger began a long explanation, the sum of which was, that he had forgotten his bag of crackers, and had nothing to eat unless Monsieur was kind, and shared with him as a brother.

Dr. Prescott had been with half-breeds enough to know that, in lying and cheating, they go beyond even a Pillager, and was thus sure that the bag had been left behind purposely, or never made ready at all. There was no help for it though, and crackers were given, Dr. Prescott telling him they had but four days' provisions, and that at Cass Lake he must buy for himself, or go without. At two they went on, reaching the first portage, that is, the land between Leech and Cass lakes, about three. Here trouble began. The road across had been marked out by the cutting down of trees in the thick forest, so that a wagon could pass along; but the stumps remained, and no track, save that of an occasional train, had ever been made. Red Lake is off from all known lines of travel; and the country near, given up to Indians, required no road, save at payment time, when goods were taken up.

Over these stumps a wagon with its high

body could easily go; but with a sled, only a few inches from the ground, 'twas quite different; and almost as they touched land again, they found themselves stuck on one, from which no pulling or backing could free them.

"Sac r r r r e C r r r apaud!" Boulanger roared, with each blow of his whip, but it was no use. Dr. Prescott jumped off, and together they tried to lift the sled, and push it either forward or back, — finding at last, that the only way would be to cut poles, and pry it off.

Half an hour was spent in this way, and then they started again, Boulanger still going ahead and chopping off the sharp ends of the tallest stumps, thus enabling them to go perhaps a mile farther, when they were pinned once more. This time, getting on his knees, he contrived to chop away the sharp point which held them; but as the horses went on again, pointed to an opening under three or four great trees, and said in French, —

"A good place for camp; here we rest at present."

"No," said Dr. Prescott. "You are to go on to Cass Lake to-night."

"Impossible, quite; Monsieur does not feel how the horses have worked. It is

still nine miles to the house on the Lake; night will come, and Monsieur and his amiable lady, fall, perhaps, in a hole, and, alas! drown," and Boulanger looked so miserable, that Dr. Prescott, who had never been over this road before, having made his journey to and from Red Lake by canoe, hesitated. He knew this portage was seven miles long; that there must be at least three more to go before reaching the lake, which it would hardly be safe to cross at night, when the air-holes could not be seen. It was now after sunset, and so, very unwillingly, he set about clearing away the snow from their camping-ground, while Boulanger unharnessed the horses, and gave them the hay which had been tied on the back of the sled. Harry and his mother sat still till the fire began to burn, and then climbing down, pulled off sprays from the branches of a fallen pine-tree, and strewed them thickly over the cleared space. No water being near to-night, they melted snow for the tea; and finding the bread to be frozen hard, thawed it by putting it on a pine-branch before the fire. After supper they cut poles and set up the tent, which they found must be so far from the fire, to keep sparks from falling on it, that they would perhaps suf-

fer with cold before morning. The night was clear, the stars shining brightly, and mamma said she thought they would be quite as comfortable without the tent; so Dr. Prescott stretched a blanket to keep off the wind; brought the bed from the sled, and laid it on the pine-boughs; put a shawl on the cracker-sack for a pillow, and soon they were settled for the night.

Boulanger had, they found, forgotten his blanket as well as his provisions, and had only a miserable little one made of rabbit-skins. So they were obliged to give one of their nice ones, in which he rolled himself up with great satisfaction, and was sound asleep at once. Harry followed next, and knew nothing more till next morning, when, half-asleep and half-awake, he felt something settle on his face. "A fly," he thought, without opening his eyes, and brushed it away, to feel another directly. He sat up now, and looked around. What a sight! The fire burned dimly; near it lay Boulanger, so covered with freshly-fallen snow, that Harry could not tell which was head and which feet; and all over their own bed it lay an inch or two deep. Harry stood up and began to brush it away, waking papa, who sprang up at once; and pulling the brands to-

gether, and throwing on a fresh log, soon had a blazing fire, on which the snow-flakes made no impression.

It was hard to rouse Boulanger, who grumbled at everything when he did roll out from his blankets, and kept them waiting long after the rather forlorn breakfast was over, while he fussed about the horses. At last they were off, and then began again the trouble of yesterday. A dozen times the sled caught on stumps, and when they reached the lake it was almost noon; the snow still falling fast, and everything and everybody in the sled covered with it. A keen wind blew over the lake. Mamma pulled the blankets over her own and Harry's head, but papa, who must drive, had no such protection; and when, at two o'clock, they reached the other side of Cass Lake, and saw the island near shore, and the log houses on it, he was numb with cold.

Pillagers, who had been watching the sled coming over the ice, were on the shore as they stopped; and Dr. Prescott, telling Boulanger that if any part of the load were missing when they came back, it should be taken out of his pay, hurried them up to the house, too thankful at finding shelter and warmth, to care for

the crowd of smoking Indians all about. There were two chairs and a bed here, for the owner of the house was a half-breed, and lived a little — a very little, as you will see — like a white man.

The clay chimney was in one corner of the room, and over the roaring fire the two squaws began at once to boil fish and potatoes in one pail, and water for the tea in the other. From a hole behind the chimney they took some tin plates and spoons, and a few pint basins; spread a rush mat on the floor, and arranged them on it in order, putting in the middle a large tin pan, into which, when they were cooked, they ladled the fish and potatoes; saying, "Weesinna, neechee" (Eat, friends).

There were no knives or forks; and Mrs. Prescott, after one little look at her husband, sat down on the mat and began to peel a potato with her fingers, while he put some of the fish on her plate. One of the women brought a cake of bread, baked in the ashes but tasting sweet and good; and taking a tin cup, went out, coming back soon with some milk, warm from the cow, which made their tea much better. There was maple sugar for it, too, and salt for the fish; and altogether, the

dinner tasted very good, though every bit of it was eaten with the fingers, which had to be washed in snow, and wiped on a handkerchief.

Boulanger told them, when he had eaten enough for any three men, that he had lost off the rest of the hay, and a keg of powder, which must have dropped somewhere on the portage, and that he must go back, to Leech Lake, if necessary, in order to find it, as he would have to pay George Bunga its value, if he did not. This was too much. Dr. Prescott told him it was his business to see that the load was properly fastened on, and that he would not return; at which Boulanger, who had, until now, had no trouble in understanding all that was said to him, declared that Dr. Prescott's French and Ojibway he knew nothing about, and that he should go back at once. Finally, on being told that if he would go on without more trouble, a part of the loss should be made up, and a letter written to Bunga, explaining it, he went down to his horses.

Then came another battle with the half-breed, who wanted ten dollars for the dinner and two bundles of hay. Like Boulanger, he suddenly found it impossible to understand; and declared, finally,

putting his hand on his long knife, that he would use it if the money were not paid at once. The Indians, who had before sat silent, staring at the white medicine man, gathered about, siding with the half-breed; but drew back as Dr. Prescott threatened them with the Ogema's, or Major's, anger, if they said anything. The half-breed at last agreed to take seven dollars, throwing in two cakes of bread, and followed them down to the sled, wishing them a good journey. The house had proved to be no place to stay at for the night, as they had planned, and they were glad to get once more on the sled. Three or four squaws stood about it; and a tin pail, which had been in the bottom, between some boxes, stood now on the bed.

"What does this mean?" Dr. Prescott said in Ojibway; and Boulanger, who could understand perfectly now, answered, pointing to some Indian dogs on the hill, —

"The dogs, Monsieur. They have smelled the cheese within; and as I bring down my hay, I regard them leaping at the pail. I fly upon them; it is too late; the cheese is fallen; and behold, Monsieur, how it is eaten!"

Truly, the heart of the cheese was gone; but it was strange how much more like fingers than teeth the marks upon it seemed. There was nothing to be said, however; and thankful to get away so easily, they started on. One mile more of the lake, and then they reached the road, fifty miles of which must be gone over before Red Lake could be seen. Thirty-five lay behind them; and, glad that even so much of the journey was over, they camped at night, this time sleeping under the tent.

When morning came the sun was shining, and the air not so cold as the day before, but going on was weary work. A constant catching on stumps; huge trees blown across the road in many places, so that they were forced to go round through the woods the best way they could; and were almost discouraged when night came, by finding they were only ten miles from Cass Lake. Boulanger, too, began to talk of a river they would come to the next morning, which might or might not be frozen hard enough to bear them, and things began to look a little dark.

"Why do you not cook some of your pork, Boulanger?" Dr. Prescott asked,

next morning, knowing that the fifteen pounds, intended as part pay, were in the bottom of the sled.

"But, Monsieur, I have nothing to cook it in."

"A stick will do very well, and the fat can drop on your cracker."

Boulanger looked up sadly.

"But, Monsieur, there is no more any pork."

"What have you done with it?" Dr. Prescott said, sternly.

"I, Monsieur? nothing; but the horses; ah! the greedy reptiles; they have eaten it in the night."

"Very well," said Dr. Prescott. "The pork was yours; you or your horses could eat it, as you pleased."

This was a new view of the case to Boulanger, who had thought he should get another fifteen pounds at once, and who now shrugged his shoulders, but could think of no lie which would help him at all. So breakfast was eaten without pork, the usual loading and tying on gone through with, and the fourth day's journey began. Harry tried once or twice to walk, but the deep snow made it very hard, and he was glad to get back to the sled and roll himself in a blanket. Hardly

an hour had passed, when Boulanger, who had been some distance ahead, came running back, the picture of despair.

"Hi, hi, hi!" he called; that being the half-breed exclamation, when just ready to give up everything. "Hi, hi, hi! the river, Monsieur, is open; it is deep, and the load heavy. We shall never cross; we must return!" and he took hold of the horses' heads, as if to turn them.

"Take care there," Dr. Prescott said sharply, urging on the horses, and coming soon to the top of a little hill, at the foot of which rolled the river, narrow, but deep; no bridge, and snow drifted along the reedy, marshy shore, so that it would be hard to tell where sure footing was to be found. You will wonder at hearing that it was not firmly frozen over, but the current is so swift and strong, that in the coldest weather, this river, and many others about Red Lake, are almost open; and as none of them have bridges, crossing is not only difficult, but dangerous. Mamma had not lost courage for a moment, — "Can't you cut down a tree for a bridge?" she said. "There is one close to the bank, and Harry and I can go over on that."

"The best thing to be done, I believe," said Dr. Prescott; while Boulanger, slapping his breast, stared at the river, continually crying, "Hi, hi, hi! Sunnygert! Tiyah!" which means that things are just as bad as they can be, and nobody had better do anything. "But the load, Monsieur," he went on, as Dr. Prescott took out his axe. "The amiable lady; the little, little boxes; the cherished son."

"The amiable lady will walk over on a log; and the little, little boxes, on our backs," said Dr. Prescott. Mamma, who had been translating to Harry, for all this talk was in French, laughed till some tears had frozen on her cheeks, while papa walked down the bank, followed sulkily by Boulanger, both sinking, in some places, up to their waists. Footing around the great pine was quite firm; and Boulanger, finding that the river must be crossed, grew cheerful, and chopped with a will. Mamma and Harry, at the top of the hill, watched the chips fly, and the great tree bend over, till, with one crashing sweep through the air, it fell, Boulanger running out on it, cutting off branches as he went, and dancing up and down at the other end, to see that it was

firm in the snow. Then he ran back, and with Dr. Prescott, stamped down the snow all the way up to the sled, so that mamma and Harry had a good path to the log, which they crossed without trouble, papa leading them over, one at a time. Boulanger, holding a balance-pole in one hand, trotted after with the bed and blankets; a fire was built, and they sat down comfortably, to wait till all was ready for another start. The "little, little boxes" were easily managed, being slung over their shoulders by some rope; but the heavier ones needed two to carry them, and Dr. Prescott and Boulanger both very nearly rolled from the log into the river several times. At last the greater part of the load was over, only some things remaining in the sled, which water would not hurt. The ponies looked very doubtful as Boulanger led them down the hill; and more so, when, getting into the sled, he urged them on. They snorted and kicked, but yielding at last, floundered into the river and swam over, Boulanger snapping his whip, and yelling, "Sac r r r r e!" till they were on the other side. Here was a deep drift of snow and ice; and as they plunged through it and went to the road, a loud

crack was heard, and the body of the sled slipped one side.

"Ah, ta!" Boulanger cried, dancing about, while tears ran down his face. "My sleigh it is broken. Ah, hi, hi, hi! Now we go on no more. O! this terrible Doctor, who would cross! Ah, hi, hi!"

The "terrible Doctor" examined the sled, finding that the wooden pegs which held the body on, had broken off on one side. Luckily an auger was in one of the boxes; and telling Boulanger to stop crying and attend to his horses, Dr. Prescott went to work boring new holes, cutting new pegs, and in an hour had all in good order again. It was past noon now, so they made tea, and took dinner here, finding, when they drove on again, fewer stumps than the day before. Just before dark they came to the top of a hill, where stood, side by side, two immense Norway pines; and here papa stopped the horses while Mrs. Prescott read the lettering on each.

"*Twenty miles to Red Lake,*" on one; on the other, "*Top of the world.*"

"What does that mean? Why is it the top of the world?" Harry asked.

"Because from this point," Dr. Prescott said, "rivers flow two ways: those behind

us, south, to the Valley of the Mississippi, and thence to the Atlantic; all beyond here, northward, into Hudson's Bay, and the Arctic Ocean. The surveyors who laid out this line of road, two years ago, marked these trees, and their names are all written on the other side. So it is true, that at this moment, we are on the tiptop of the world."

"Hurrah!" Harry shouted; and back on the wind came a deep sound, which made him start. "Is it wolves?" he said.

"Dogs, I think," Dr. Prescott answered, going on. "Yes it is," as the sound came again, this time very plainly, a tremendously deep bow-wow-wow. "There must be a dog train on the way down."

Almost as he spoke, they saw the light of a camp-fire, a tall Indian by it, and near him three dogs, looking to Harry like lions, with their great heads, and long, shaggy hair.

"It is Little Thunder," said papa, quite pleased; "one of the best men at Red Lake. He is a chief, and his Indian name is Que wee ah."

"He's handsome," said Harry; and mamma looked in surprise at the tall, stately man, who came forward, quite as

pleased as Dr. Prescott, and shook hands heartily with all of them. His wife, almost as tall as he, was cutting down some trees for the night, but soon came back to get supper, and they found themselves in the most comfortable quarters they had had since camping with the Major. Que wee ah treated them as guests; seated them on his largest rush mat; and, though glad of some of their bread, would take nothing else, but gave them boiled white-fish and maple sugar for their tea. Dr. Prescott knew just enough Ojibway to understand that Boulanger was telling a pitiful story of the wicked treatment he had received on the way up; but Que wee ah only smiled, and shrugged his shoulders, as the tale ended.

"Big mouth; talk much!" he said in English. "No talk good; no good man."

Harry looked up quickly on hearing English; but Que wee ah, laughing a little, would say no more except in Ojibway, and went on smoking.

"He understands English very well," said Dr. Prescott, "but this is the first time I ever heard him speak it," and then he went on talking to him in that language, but getting only Ojibway answers. The great dogs, who had each had a fish,

lay by the fire, winking lazily; and the little *o ta ban*, or flat-train, which held the provisions and other things, and which they had dragged all day, leaned now against a tree. Little Thunder said they were on their way to Lake Superior, to see some relations, but that the snow was getting so deep, he thought they might have to turn back. As he talked, Mrs. Little Thunder strewed pine boughs for the bed, and soon they all lay down for the night.

Harry watched the harnessing of the dogs next morning. They growled and snapped, and had to be dragged to their places in which they were held by ropes of twisted skin, fastened to collars about their necks, and then to the train. They went off with heads down, followed closely by Mrs. Little Thunder, holding a long stick in her hand, with which to guide them.

Through the morning, the road seemed so good that they almost hoped to get through to the Lake that day; but afternoon ended any such thought, for about two they came to another river, a very small one, over which lay two trees, making a good foot-bridge, but through which the horses must swim. Then came the

weary work of unloading, and carrying everything to the other side. This went well, however; the horses got through bravely; they loaded once more, and went on for a mile or two, when a stump, harder and sharper than all the rest, not only caught them, but would not let go. Prying and pulling were useless: more unloading came; and when the sled was lifted off, they found it so broken about the tongue, that it would be impossible to take on any load in it. Still nine miles from the Lake; to walk there was out of the question, even could Boulanger have been trusted with the boxes; and papa, feeling that this last trouble was almost too much for mamma and poor little Harry, was trying, as well as Boulanger's lamentations would let him, to think what had better be done, when the welcome sound of "Gee-haw!" was heard, and four oxen, drawing a long sled, came in sight, guided by a half-breed, whom Dr. Prescott knew at once as Neddo Cotinasse, the farmer's man. Neddo, after listening to the story of their troubles, said he could not go back with them himself, as he was on his way to Leech Lake, to bring up the farmer's winter provisions; but that he would take one of the ponies, ride back as fast as pos-

sible, and engage an Indian who had two oxen, to come down at once. So he mounted and rode away, and our party went into camp, making themselves as comfortable as they could.

Neddo did not return till evening, but said then that young Quay wa sauce would be down early next morning.

The night was a miserable one, each hour growing colder and colder; and next morning Boulanger did his best to persuade Neddo to start back at once with him to Leech Lake, leaving Dr. Prescott in camp till Quay wa sauce should come. This Neddo would not do; and they waited till nearly ten, when the new team came. Then there was more loading, and another attempt at starting; only an attempt, for, with the first pull on the forlorn old sled, snap went the tongue, and the oxen walked quietly off, dragging it after them.

Evidently the load was never to get through on this sled. Neddo had gone on with Boulanger, and Dr. Prescott ran after them, explaining the trouble, and telling Boulanger that as he had agreed to go through to Red Lake, he must take part of the load, and Neddo the rest. This Neddo, urged by Boulanger, refused to do; and Dr. Prescott went on, offering him one

sum after another till the amount reached ten dollars, Boulanger assuring him all the way, that the Doctor was a wicked man, who would never pay him one penny.

The new team was going on to Red Lake. Mamma and Harry, numb with cold, sat in the sled; and Boulanger, comfortably settled in the bottom of Neddo's, his horses tied at one side, and his sled fastened behind, struck the oxen and urged them on.

"Once more, Neddo," said Dr. Prescott, slowly, "I offer you ten dollars and a blanket, if you go back. What is your answer?"

Boulanger whispered something. Neddo hesitated a moment; then, with face turned away, said, — "It is quite impossible, Monsieur. Boulanger wishes to return with me. You can walk, leaving your goods with Quay wa sauce, and some one will return for them. It is not so far, even for Madame."

Neddo looked up very suddenly, for Dr. Prescott's pistol was in his hand, and his eyes flashed dangerously, as he said, — "Turn your oxen!"

Boulanger's hand went to his knife.

"Have a care there," said the Doctor; "not one word from you! Neddo, I did

not think you the man to leave a woman and child to perish in the cold. Turn your oxen, sir, or you know what will make you."

"He shall not, then," Boulanger cried, springing up. "Ah! you would force him, would you?" and he sprang toward the Doctor with drawn knife, to find himself very suddenly on his back in the deep snow, his knife caught from his hand, and stars before his eyes.

"Another word from you, and you shall be tied hand and foot," the Doctor said; while Neddo, a little ashamed, and a great deal afraid, turned his team, and began to load up at once. Boulanger crawled into his own sled and lay there without speaking, and, soon as possible, they were off,—Neddo, whose sled was on high runners, so that it could clear the stumps, urging his oxen to the top of their speed. Mamma and Harry were too cold to speak; for two days they had been on short rations, and when, late in the afternoon, reaching the last hill, they saw from it four or five log-houses, a crowd of Indians standing about, and off on one side a great expanse of snow-covered ice, strength was almost gone, and they had no thought for anything but fire and food. The farmer's wife, an Indian

"He sprang toward the Doctor with drawn knife." See page 102.

woman, had made supper ready for them; she took Harry in her arms and carried him in, for he was too cold and weak to walk, and, putting him on her bed, he fell at once into a heavy sleep, while mamma, lying down by him, with the delicious warmth all about her, cried, because she was too weak and too comfortable to do anything else.

Mrs. Campbell let them lie still an hour, till the load had been taken into their own house, and then brought a cup of hot coffee to Mrs. Prescott, who, after drinking it, felt quite well enough to get right up. Harry had waked, and they all sat down to supper. The room was filled with Indians, all wanting to talk, but papa said, "To-morrow, to-morrow!" and as soon as the meal ended, they went to their own house, which was just opposite the Campbells'. Here Harry was put to bed in a packing-box, on some goods, with a bag of coffee for a pillow, and close to the fire, going sound asleep in two seconds, and followed at once by mamma and papa, none of them waking till late next morning, when Harry, sitting up suddenly, saw a sight, about which I shall tell you in another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

How did it happen that the door had been left unlocked? for unlocked it surely was; and not only that, but wide open too, and in it stood an Indian, so tall that he had to bend low as he stepped in. After him came another, and another, and another, all smiling as they saw Harry sitting up there, too astonished to speak, while mamma and papa lay sound asleep. Dr. Prescott opened his eyes slowly as Harry leaned over and shook him, but sprang up as the tall Indian came forward, saying, "How, how, how! Bo jou neeche" (Welcome, friend).

The room was full now, and women and children crowded around the door, all anxious to get in, and many of them holding up little bottles, given them by the Doctor in the summer, and saying, as they met his eye, "Po me ta sharbaseeken, muskeekee wayninnee" (Castor-oil, medicine man). They were all prepared to stay; for, though there was no fire, the men, wrapped in their blankets, settled

down comfortably, and took out their tobacco-pouches, ready for a smoke.

There are no proprieties among the Indians. If you want to call on them at two o'clock in the morning, somebody will wake up to entertain you; and why a white man should not be just as ready to receive them at any hour, they cannot see. So old Ma dwa ga non ind, head chief of all the Red Lake Ojibways, hearing that the Doctor had come, had dressed in his finest blanket and leggins, and walked six miles to make a call. It would never do to turn him away, for this was a very great honor; and there were three of his wives, too, smiling at the door, one with a pappoose on her back.

Dr. Prescott built a fire at once, and then explained, as well as he could, that they were very tired, and had as yet had no breakfast; that he was very glad to see them all, and that if they would go to some of the wigwams near by, they could soon come back and visit. Georgy Campbell, who knew just enough English to interpret tolerably, came down to say that breakfast was ready, and explained matters.

"Kaget, kaget," the old chief said, which means, "You are right;" and drawing his

blanket closer, he walked away to the blacksmith's, followed by the whole crowd. Papa locked the door in a hurry; and then mamma, who had been laughing under the blankets, crept out, and tried to melt some water, which had frozen solid in the pail. It took too long, however; so they washed their faces in fresh snow, and hurried up to the farmer's, where, I think I have told you, they were to take their meals, till Oliver came with the provisions. Another crowd was waiting there, and though Mrs. Campbell said "Maja" (Go away) several times, they only laughed a little, and stared attentively. The farmer and blacksmith were both away, having gone for supplies; so there was no rallying point but the Doctor's house; and there, after breakfast ended, they followed them. Mrs. Prescott looked about a moment, before going on, and I will tell you what she saw.

Standing in the farmer's door, and looking east, right opposite, was their own house, built of sawn logs, with a great black pipe sticking out from the clay chimney, which she afterward found had been part of the boiler for the saw-mill. To the right of it, the blacksmith's house and forge, all in one; back of that the Government warehouse, where payment

goods were stored in the fall; and beyond that still, some low log-houses and wigwams. There were two or three log-barns, and all these buildings were on the brow of a low hill, at the foot of which lay a little lake, close to the edge of which were seen the remains of a saw-mill which had blown up in the fall. All about were the melancholy looking black pines, save at the northwest, where, a quarter of a mile distant, lay Red Lake, stretching far out of sight. Everywhere, save at this one point, the thick black forest surrounded them, the smoke from scattered wigwams, or log-huts, curling up in the clear, frosty air. The bright spots were the Indians in red, green, blue, and white blankets; no half-starved, dirty looking ones, as at Leech Lake, but with a general air of comfort, even among the women and children. Neddo was there, shining in bead-worked leggins of dark blue cloth; and near him, miserable little Boulanger, smaller, dirtier, meaner than ever, in comparison, but with a smirk on his face as Dr. Prescott passed, which showed that he did not intend to let any trouble of yesterday stand in the way of his receiving a parting gift to-day.

"I am going to the blacksmith's a few minutes," said Dr. Prescott, throwing

open the door. "Lock the door, and don't let any one in till I come back."

Boulanger, who had fully intended to step in, stepped back instead, while mamma and Harry went to work at once, trying to bring about some sort of system in the chaos of boxes, bags, and bundles, which filled one end of the room. Do you want to know how it looked? A room exactly ten feet by twelve; half-windows on each side: at one end, a great clay chimney, where now a fire of the black, pitchy pine, burned fiercely. The walls — just logs, nothing more, through the chinks in which the daylight shone. Overhead, a ceiling of rough boards, leaving a space of four or five feet between them and the ridge-pole; a sort of attic, which they found very useful in the stowing away of odds and ends. A heavy beam running the length of the house, and just in the middle, supported these boards.

"Is this all the house we've got?" Harry asked, as Dr. Prescott came in again, followed by the old chief.

"I'm afraid it is," he answered, looking troubled. "When I left, it was with the understanding we should have the engineer's house, which is quite comfortable;

but it seems it was turned over to the blacksmith, who has rented it to a trader. The Major would make all right if he knew how things were going; but it will take five or six weeks at least, to write and get an answer from him, and in the mean time this is our only place. What will you do, Mary?"

Mamma looked just a little dismayed.

"Can't you have a place for an office?" she said. "We can't well live in the same room with all this crowd of Indians."

"Neddo tells me Beauchamp can build on a room at once," said Dr. Prescott. "The great trouble will be that there are no boards for doors or floors. We can use poles, perhaps. The first thing now, is to pay Neddo, who will soon start again for Leech Lake."

Neddo wanted calico and some ribbon, and an hour went by in opening the box of goods and showing them to him, and to the old chief. Money is almost useless in the Indian country: a few among them have some idea of its value; but furs, corn, and potatoes, are their usual currency, and goods, the trader's, so many yards of calico being counted as a dollar. Three are generally given, so Neddo was more than satisfied at receiving at the rate of five for a

dollar. He chose also some bright ribbons, tying them at once to the tail on his fur cap, and walking away with Boulanger, who had also received some calico, and an end of red ribbon, which, pulled through the band of his greasy hat, made him look dingier than ever. Harry looked on for a time, while his father filled some of the countless bottles waiting for castor-oil, which the Indians love as you love butter, and would drink all day if only they could get it.

Georgy came down after a while, and asked Harry to come and slide down hill; and Harry, bundling up, went out, expecting to find a sled. At the top of the hill were a dozen or more Indian children of all ages, each of the boys having a barrel stave, with a string at one end.

"Where's the sled?" Harry asked, looking about.

"Here," Georgy said, picking up his stave. "See; I show you; do as me."

Laying the stave on the ground, and putting one foot on it, Georgy pushed it along, holding the string till some momentum had been gained; then, suddenly bringing the other foot to it, shot down like an arrow far out on the little lake, followed by two of the Indian boys, slender

and straight as the pine-trees all about, who, as they dashed after, shouted "Hiyah, yah, hiyah!"

Close by stood a little girl nine or ten years old, her black hair standing out all ways, but with beautiful, bright, dark eyes, and white teeth gleaming between the reddest lips Harry had ever seen. She had been looking at him with the greatest interest; and now, as Georgy came up, said something, and then laughed.

"What is it she says?" said Harry. "She looked right at me."

"She say white boy not know anything," Georgy replied; "she say you no can go down as me."

"We'll see," said Harry, indignantly; "give me your stick, Georgy."

Harry watched a moment one of the Indian boys who flew by him, and then, very sure he knew all about it, started down. All went well till he brought the other foot to the stave, when, exactly how he could not tell, he found himself flat on his back, and the stave which he had jerked up by the string as he fell, lying by him. A shout went up from all the company, Georgy and the little girl laughing louder than any. Harry laughed too, though with a very red face.

"I'll do it, anyhow," he said, getting up. "I guess I can do what they can," and he started again, this time rolling over at once, and going almost to the bottom of the hill with the boy who had run into him.

"You'd better look out how you do that again," Harry said, choking, and scrambling out from a drift, with his mouth full of snow; and then laughing, as he remembered English was no use here. The boy pointed to his feet, and said something, the only word Harry understood being "moccasin."

"He say," Georgy interpreted, "white boy boots no good: moccasin good, and then you slide."

"But I haven't got any," said Harry. The little girl who had been watching him, sat down in the snow and pulled off hers; and Harry, after a moment's hesitation, took off his shoes.

"What's her name?" he said.

"Sozette Josance," Georgy answered. "Her father's French, but she not know French talk; only Ojibway talk."

Sozette, in the mean time, had slipped her feet into Harry's shoes, and stood now looking at them, while Harry, who felt as if he had on nothing but stockings, once

more took the stave, finding that now his feet could cling to it, as the thick shoes would never have let them do. Two or three more trials and tumbles, and he went down safely to the bottom, though quite unable to stand straight as the other boys did. His feet were cold now, and he ran up the hill to where Sozette stood, intending to take his shoes and go into the house.

"Tell her I want them," he said to Georgy; but Sozette, with a little nod at Harry, said, — "Ka win; neen sarga tow; neen margeetone." (No; I like the shoes; I will take them away.)

"She not give 'em back," said Georgy; "she like 'em."

"But I want them," said Harry, making a motion towards them; when Sozette, with a push that sent him backward into another snow-bank, dashed off, her black hair and little red blanket flying loose behind her as she ran. After her Harry plunged, angry enough now to think of nothing but the shoes: and after him rushed the crowd of children. Sozette disappeared in an open door-way, and Harry followed, tumbling over an Indian dog, which yelped and snapped as it ran.

A tall man rose up from the floor where he was sitting.

"Maja, waywif," he said; "wagonind, Sozette?" (Off with you, quick; what is the matter, Sozette?)

Sozette laughing and panting, stood behind her father, while Harry, burning with wrath, pointed at his feet and then to hers. Luckily, Dr. Prescott, who had seen the rush by the window, came in just in time to hear Josance accusing Harry of having taken Sozette's moccasins; an exchange was made, at which she pouted, and Harry walked home, warm enough now, and ready for more play, if papa had not said he had done quite enough for that morning.

Beauchamp had come, sent by Neddo. He knew a little English, in which he took great pride, and was listening to a plan for the new room, which was to be begun at once.

"You no talk more," he said presently; "me know nuff; me go now, cut much stick," and shouldering his axe, he went off with his brother Baptiste.

Josance came after dinner; heated water in a great pail, and thickened it with clay which had been left from the chimney, and which was found only in one

spot near the lake. With this he filled up some of the great chinks between the logs, though there was only enough to finish one side; while Sozette, delighted at the chance of being there, stirred the clay with her chapped little hands, and looked at everything. Georgy and Fanny Campbell were also there, and a steady flow of Indian visitors came and went, till at night Mrs. Prescott was almost as tired as on the last day of the journey.

The next day building began, and went on briskly; and Harry, in blanket socks and moccasins, trudged after Beauchamp and Baptiste, who had brought a load of small trees, five or six inches in diameter, notched them at each end, after they were cut to the right length, so that they would fit into each other; and in a day had finished a room at the back of the house, eight feet by ten, with a roof of poles, filled in with hay.

Another day was spent in digging a hole in the frozen ground, on which a fire had been built to partly thaw it; then, taking out the earth, mixing it with hot water to a thick mud, and filling in between the logs. This would freeze, and do till spring, when clay could be had. Then came the question, where boards for

a floor could be found; and Beauchamp, ever ready with his — "You no talk; me know where me find some," trotted away, appearing again after a time, with half a dozen weather-stained ones, which, they afterward found, he had pulled from the Government barn. Two were saved for a door, which Dr. Prescott put together while Beauchamp laid the floor. By the evening of the fourth day, the door was up, a window cut, and a sash put in, which, as there was no glass, had to have panes of white cotton cloth. A partition made of small trees, one side chopped off to make them look as much as possible like boards, was put up in the new room, making a place just wide enough for the cooking-stove, which was to come by and by. From some shingles and a box Dr. Prescott made a little closet in their kitchen for his medicines, which were to be handed to the Indians through a square hole cut in the partition. An opening was made into the main room, ready for a door, in case boards enough to make one should be found; the little sheet-iron stove was set up, the pipe going out through a hole in the roof, and in a little more than a week everything was in order, and the Indians, unless very special friends, received in the new office.

Then began the work of improvement in the main part. They had brought coarse sheeting, and rolls of bright wall-paper. This sheeting was torn into strips and pasted over every crack, not only in the logs, but in the boards of their ceiling, through which the cold air poured down at night. Over this the wall-paper was put, the black eyes looking in at the windows at all hours, staring in astonishment at what they thought to be this dreadful waste of calico. Mamma pasted paper over two of the boxes, making little shelves in them with shingles, and papa nailed them up; one under the looking-glass, as a sort of bureau; and the other larger one at the opposite end of the room, where they filled the two shelves with their few books.

"O for a barrel!" mamma said often, "and then we might have another chair," for now they had but one, a rocking-chair, which had lost a rocker on the way up by crashing against a tree. Papa had mended it as well as he could, but 'twas still joggly, and, at the best of times, had never been meant to hold three people, so Harry sat on a block of wood or at the foot of the bed.

By Christmas Day the little house could

hardly have known itself. Nothing could beautify that obstinate clay chimney, but the open fire more than made up for it; and Harry, sitting on his block, saw wonderful pictures in the red embers, and declared it just the place for Santa Claus to get down without the least trouble.

Santa Claus evidently had heard of Red Lake, for the stockings which were hung up Christmas Eve, were found full Christmas morning; in Harry's, some new moccasins, an Ojibway Testament, and a piece of red ribbon he was to use in trading, if he liked. Mamma had all the dry goods made over to her, and found beside, in her stocking, "Longfellow" and "Whittier," in the little Diamond Edition, which is such a blessed thing for people who are where they can take but few books, and want much in little space.

Papa rejoiced in a pair of red flannel shirts, and delighted the Indians by appearing at once in one. Out of the trunk had come two *passepartouts;* one of Lincoln, which, with a wreath of ground pine about it, hung over the table; and the other, Harry's head of Raphael, which Uncle Charley had given him. There was no church to go to, but after breakfast they sat about the fire and sang Christ-

mas carols; and at last all went out for a walk. Their thermometer said thirty-one below zero, and papa's beard and moustache were white with frost three minutes after they started, yet none of them felt really cold. Harry ran or walked, as the mood took him, and they went down the hill past Josance's house, and on toward two wigwams standing alone. As they passed a little log-barn, where Josance kept his cow, mamma spied something she had wished for every day since she came.

"A barrel! there certainly is a barrel, Henry," she said. "Do get it out."

"It's Josance's barrel," said Harry. "I'll run back and tell him to come. There he is now; I guess he saw us."

Josance came up quickly, looking, mamma declared, like a disguised prince. Certainly he was very handsome; and small Sozette, dancing behind him, had his eyes and brilliant teeth, and, dirty or clean, was surely beautiful.

"C'est le fête de Noël," said Josance, with a bow, as Mrs. Prescott told him her wishes. "Je fais du baril un cadeau pour Madame, s'elle me fera l'honneur de l'accepter." ('Tis Christmas Day. I make the barrel a gift for Madame, if she will do me the honor of accepting it.)

"Many thanks," Mrs. Prescott said; and Josance, with another bow, stood watching, while Dr. Prescott brought the barrel and rolled it up the hill to the house.

"You are fortunate," he said, "for I doubt if there be another one here. The boys break up the very few which come through, to use for sliding, so this is probably your last chance till next payment time."

Two or three Indians were sitting on the floor in the office, enjoying the heat from the red hot stove, and smoking a mixture of tobacco and kinnikinick, which is the inner bark of willow, dried on little frames before the fire, and then rolled fine.

Mrs. Prescott marked out the back and arms of her chair, and then papa sawed it to the right shape, first knocking out the top, which was to be nailed together, fastened on a piece of tree between three and four feet high, and made into a little work-stand, covered with calico. Three days later the two stood completed by the west window, and the Indian women said, "Ah, ta! ah, ta!" as they saw the pretty stand covered with Turkey-red, to match the chair and curtains.

Everything was now ready for house-

keeping, and they watched each day for Oliver. Little Thunder had returned, finding the snow too deep to go on, and called almost every day; and the old chief, who could never be denied, doubled up by the fire and spent hours watching them at work. Harry was learning Ogibway very fast, picking it up, word by word, from the children with whom he played, especially Georgy and Sozette, who were now firm friends.

New Year's morning the sun shone so brightly, that Harry, full of spirits, went out for a run before breakfast. A little scuffle was heard, and then a loud laughing outside, as he rushed in again, locking the door behind him.

"What is the matter?" said mamma.

"Why, they all tried to kiss me," Harry answered. "Sozette, and Nah gon a sake, did; and then I ran, when that dreadful fishy one caught me."

"What is it for?" Mrs. Prescott asked, as Dr. Prescott, who had opened the door, hastily shut it again, while a very fat squaw looked in at the window and laughed.

"This is their day," he said; while Harry danced around, delighted with the idea that his father, too, was to be attacked.

"I don't see but that I must stay in the house. The squaw who can take the first kiss from any man she meets on New Year's morning, can claim a present from him; and there are twenty, I should think, lying in wait by the door. All the men who are not off on their hunts, will be here by and by. 'Tis Manitou Geeshickuck, the Great Spirit's day, when they all shake hands and give good wishes, and they will expect some present from us."

"We haven't anything, unless it is this card of brass buttons," said Mrs. Prescott; "there are four or five dozen of those."

"The very thing," said the Doctor; and just then Georgy came down to say breakfast was ready, and put up his lips so confidently, that Mrs. Prescott kissed him at once.

A dozen women surrounded the Doctor as he went out; but he broke away from them, laughing, saying that the white man kept Manitou Geeshickuck in a different way, and did not want to kiss. Harry, pursued by a crowd of little girls, had to run under Mrs. Campbell's bed to escape them; and, coming out with feathers in his hair, was attacked by Fanny and Sozette together, and came to breakfast very much disgusted at this new way of

keeping New Year's. The old chief stood by their door as they went home, and shook hands heartily. His face was blackened, and as this is a sign of mourning, the Doctor asked if any friend was dead.

"No," said Ma dwa ga non ind, with a chuckle. "But when it is black, the squaws keep away, and I save my flour. Kissing is for the young men, and there are many ready and waiting for the white medicine-man. Does the white woman care?" and he chuckled again as he looked at Mrs. Prescott, and then settled down by the fire.

All day long the Indians came and went, shaking hands, and then sitting down to smoke. The buttons gave out after a time; and having plenty of matches, Dr. Prescott decided to give some to each of the remaining callers, who were delighted to have something so much more convenient than the flint, steel, and tinder, which all carry in their tobacco-pouches. Toward evening, Kah wiss kinniky (Crooked Arm), a handsome young chief, called, and with him *the* dandy of the Red Lake Ojibways, who was so impressed by his own appearance, that he had little to say to the inferior white people. You will

want to know just how an Ojibway dandy looks, and as, though there are several at Red Lake, "Shoo goosh kan dah way" (Flying Squirrel) is the most important one, you shall hear what he is like

First then, around his right eye a carefully drawn circle of vermilion; and around the left, one of white. On each cheek three stripes, red, blue, and yellow; and on his forehead, spots of the same colors. His thick hair carefully braided in two long tails behind, and in front one small one, on which are sewed nine brass buttons, while the parting is half vermilion and half yellow. A bead-worked band passes around his head, in which are stuck some feathers. Then comes a Mackinaw blanket, gaily painted in stripes, and a blanket cap which he draws over his head, and is cut in scallops on the top, and ornamented with ribbons. Then a short-skirted frock coat, bought of some trader, below which hangs his calico shirt, which, even when they wear pantaloons, always hangs outside. Around his waist is a bead belt, with the sheath for the long knife, and over the right shoulder passes another wider belt, to which the tobacco-pouch is sewed, both covered with beads. Leggins of scarlet cloth, also worked in beads, reach

a little above the knee, and are fastened by bead-work bands, with long ends of gay colored yarn; and his moccasins are the finest skin, and covered with more beads. From each ankle trails a skunk skin, with a brass thimble on the tail; and around his neck is another skin, that of a small fox, from the tail of which hang large blue beads, and twenty or thirty thimbles.

He was tall and stout, but too fine, as well as too disagreeable, to be talked with; and Mrs. Prescott, after taking notes of his dress, gave her attention to Crooked Arm, who, though one of the best hunters and warriors among them, had a very quiet, pleasant manner, and seemed a thorough gentleman.

. You will laugh at this; but Mrs. Prescott soon found there were a great many gentlemen at Red Lake, and preferred Indian society to that of the white men stationed there.

Night came at last, and Harry was getting ready for bed, when a trampling and pulling was heard. Gee! haw! sounded through the air; and throwing open the door, the expected teams were seen making their way up the last hill.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHERE is the kerosene, Oliver?" Dr. Prescott asked, as Oliver brought in the last bag of flour, and stood as if he had nothing more to do.

"The karosene," repeated Oliver. "Wall, you see, 'twouldn't do ter bring flour an' karosene along together, nohow, for one might a-sprung aleak, and spiled the other. Government teams is comin' up afore long, they say, and we'll send it along on them. I ain't none so sure about 'em, either, for we did find the snow worse an' worse, the further we come. 'Tain't been such a winter for snow, no not in ten year."

"Why, we've been waiting for it ever since we came," said Harry, "for it's dark by four o'clock, and then we have to burn pine knots."

"Ef I was you," Oliver went on, "an' wanted that karosene bad enough, I'd send dogs down for it, for I believe you won't get it no other way. Little Thunder's got some, ain't he? He might go below with us. Kind of comfortable lookin' in here, you be now, ain't you?"

"We have just three candles left," said mamma, after Oliver had said good-night. "We'll cut each one into three pieces and allow ourselves one piece an evening. Nine days will surely be time enough for Little Thunder to go and come."

"Oliver says he shall only stay here one day," Dr. Prescott said, "and it takes an Indian so long to make up his mind about anything, that I'll go over now to Quee wee ah's house, and talk about the matter," and bundling up at once, papa started off, returning in an hour, to say that Little Thunder seemed quite pleased with the idea, and would come over next afternoon for bread and pork, as it is customary to supply with provisions all Indians or half-breeds, who undertake any journey for one.

The new cooking-stove was set up in its place next morning, and mamma experimented with Little Thunder's bread, which came out of the oven in good order, and was much admired by Mrs. Little Thunder, who came over with a muskemote, or bag of woven rushes, full of potatoes, which she had raised herself, and wanted now to exchange for calico and buttons. With her came her daughter, carrying a pappoose, — and, by the way, the Indians

do not like to have their babies called by this name, which has, they say, been made up by the whites, and means nothing at all. *Wahboose* is the word they use, which means, little thing, and is also the name for rabbits. This wahboose, like all Indian babies, was fastened down on a board with bead-work bands, and carried on the mother's back, held by a band passing over her forehead. As she came in, with the blanket drawn close about her, Harry thought her deformed, for this great hump never stirred; but when Mrs. Little Thunder had chosen her calico, the blanket was thrown off, the baby set up against the wall, and Dr. Prescott asked to look at it. Its eyes were shut, and it moaned a little now and then.

"'Tis a very sick child," said Dr. Prescott, presently, "and if it were anything but an Indian baby, I should say was going to die. Take it home," he went on, in Indian, to the mother, "and soon I will bring you some medicine. I would tell her to keep it quiet, were there any use in such a direction; but the sicker it is, the more noise there will be."

"Let me go with you when you get the medicine made," said Harry. "I know her. She's the Red River Indian's wife:

"In front of the child was squatted one of the medicine men." See page 129.

she lives right across the road, in that mud house. I saw her give the baby a lot of hulled corn yesterday. It can walk, but she tied it on to the board again, because it was sick; and I saw it eat a potatoe-skin. She lets it have fishes' tails to suck."

"Why, that is dreadful," said mamma. "It ought to have milk. Suppose I fix a cupful of condensed milk and warm water."

"Well," said papa, "and we'll all go over together."

So presently they went, mamma carrying, in their one little pitcher, the milk, which froze hard on the way, though the houses were hardly a stone's throw apart, and which had to be put by the fire at once, to thaw.

The room was very small; the logs so carefully stopped with clay, and such a great fire burning in the chimney, that the heat was almost stifling. The baby had been set up in one corner, near the fire; all around the room were the friends and the relations, for whenever any member of a family is sick, it is etiquette for as many as can, to spend all their spare time with them. In front of the child was squatted one of the medicine-men, shaking a sacred rattle, made generally of a

dried gourd, with beans in it; but in this case, an old oyster-can, with a stick in the top, used as a handle. A small drum, which he beat occasionally, stood by him, and he sang the monotonous chant, by which these sittings are always accompanied.

"The child has had no sleep for two days, they say," said Dr. Prescott, "and how can it get any in this noise and heat?" and then he went on in Ojibway telling the mother that if the baby did not go to sleep, it would die; and she must send away the medicine-man, or, at any rate, tell him to keep still. The old man shook his head as he listened.

"The white medicine-man's words are bad," he said, "though his heart may be good. The sound of the Great Spirit's rattle and drum, can alone drive out the evil manitou, who has entered the lodge. Would my brother see the soul of the little one torn away?" and he rattled and drummed together, as if determined to make up the time lost in speaking.

"If the baby could only be washed," said Mrs. Prescott. "It is a mass of dirt."

"Water and sleep would cure it," said Dr. Prescott, "but it is not likely to have either. A doctor's hands are tied here,

for if an Indian is really sick, these medicine-men step in, and prevent the possibility of any good being done. Government might better appoint two farmers, and do without the doctor, who is of no earthly use; he must give them medicines when they are not needed, and be tormented by seeing all those who might be cured, if let alone, drummed to death before his eyes, and his own scalp in danger, if he interferes."

The baby opened its eyes a moment, and the mother put a piece of fish into its mouth at once.

"O don't!" said Mrs. Prescott, starting forward, and forgetting that English was useless. "Do give it some of this milk," and she poured a little into a cup she had brought.

"No, no!" the old medicine-man said, as the mother took the cup. "Milk from the white man's cup is manitou."

At the word "manitou," the mother pushed it away, and looked frightened; but the father said, — "The white medicine-man's drink is good. Let the child have it."

"Manitou, manitou!" the old man said, throwing down his rattle, and rising, as if to go.

A general cry of dismay was uttered by all the Indians.

"They say," said Georgy, who had come in, "that your milk kill a baby when it sick; for why, your dish manitou."

"They may do as they please about the milk, but the child must take this medicine, or it will surely die;" and papa took the bottle and poured some drops from it into the child's mouth, before any one could interfere; walking away with the bottle afterward, and saying he would come again soon, and give another dose.

"It is almost hopeless work," he sighed, after they were home again. "I did my best all last summer, to give them some notions of cleanliness, which might help them when sick; but, except in a very few cases, there is always the trouble you have seen to-day."

"What is manitou?" Harry asked.

"Anything which an Indian fancies may, or which he is told by the medicine-men will, do him any harm. Manitou means spirit, you know, and everything they cannot understand is called so, as well as everything they admire, or fear strongly. Those two great trees you saw at the top of the world, are manitou; so is my watch, because it ticks; and your little umbrella,

because it is something they never saw before. Leading-Feather's manitou is a wolf. He would not kill one if he could help it; or if he did, would beg its pardon before cutting it up. The young man whose tooth I pulled yesterday thought it ached because he had offended his manitou, the woodpecker, who had entered it and was tapping there; and the old man who wanted medicine for the rheumatism, thought his manitou, the bear, was angry, and had got into his bones, which he gripped, and tried to crush. The longer you live here, the more manitous you will find. The missionaries, when here, were able to influence a few; and, on the whole, the Red Lake band are far less superstitious than many others, but still the medicine-men do much as they will with them."

"Here is Little Thunder, come for his bread," said Harry. "I wonder what his manitou is."

"I don't know," papa answered. "He prayed to a red stone, when we were on the hunt last summer, and offered some duck-feathers to it. That was to insure success, I believe; and the stone had no special sacredness of its own, for he left it behind as we went on."

"He's got his crossest wife with him," said Harry.

"The crossest one?" mamma repeated. "Has he two?"

"Three, I think, unless one has died since fall," said papa. "The one we met when coming up is his first and most honored wife, and 'tis her son who has the right to succeed him as chief. This one has a terrible temper, and dislikes the whites. She has come, probably, to see that her husband makes a good bargain."

Campbell, the farmer, who had lived among the Ojibways for many years, having married a wife from the Mille Lac band, came down to interpret, so that everything might be understood beforehand, and no chance given for saying that more pay had been promised than was received. Making a bargain with an Indian is tedious work, and Little Thunder, like all the rest, began by asking for five times as much as he expected to get; and on hearing the utmost that Dr. Prescott would give, first smoked a pipe, and then declared he could not and would not go for that.

"Very well," said Dr. Prescott. "Then I will get Baptiste, who is willing;" and Little Thunder, saying, "His train is weak and old; he could not go through," smoked another pipe, and looked at his wife.

Finally, an agreement was made, by which he was to receive his own provisions, fish for his dogs, and four dollars for every hundred pounds he should bring; and Mrs. Little Thunder number two walked away, carrying the bread and pork, which papa was very much afraid would be eaten before they started.

"What do you think Georgy told me about the moon?" said Harry, as they sat that evening around the fire. "You know it's new now, and Sozette and all of us were looking at it; and Sozette began to talk, and make Georgy interpret what she was saying. She said her grandmother said the moon was made of something very good to eat, and that when it was full, ever so many thousand mice began, and ate and ate, till it was every speck gone; then it grew again, and they ate it up again, and that's the way they keep doing all the time. I told Georgy to tell her it was a world, and those spots on it were mountains and everything. Georgy said he wouldn't tell her such stuff; and when he did, they all laughed. So then I told him what old Nokomis told Hiawatha, you know, about the warrior getting very angry with his grandmother, and throwing her up into the moon so hard, that she stuck

there. Sozette said that was true, and Beshquay said he could see her nose and her blanket. Beshquay says his uncle is windigo."

"What is that?" mamma asked.

"Why, Georgy said, and he truly thinks so, too, that when anybody's windigo, a manitou gets into him, and he grows, and grows, till he's tall as a pine-tree. Then *he* is manitou, and nothing can kill him; and he eats up the children, if he wants to. Sozette said, to be windigo was worse than Jah bah e: what is that? You called me in before Georgy could tell."

"The spirit of a bad Indian, who could not get into the happy hunting grounds, and so wanders about, doing harm to everybody. They can keep fish out of the net, and loose all the animals that have been trapped; and the children are told, that, if they are naughty in any way, Jah bah e will chase them after dark, and pull their hair, or sometimes wrestle with them, and take away all their strength."

"If I could only understand Sozette," Harry went on, "she'd tell me something about everything; but Georgy gets tired interpreting, and half the time he can't tell what the English of it is, because he doesn't know enough himself. I wish I knew Ojibway."

"Sunday I shall begin to teach Sozette, and some others, how to read," said papa, "and that will help you in learning it; but 'tis such a hard language, you know, that even Mr. Wright, who was here sixteen years, says he does not feel that he is master of it yet."

"What makes all the women talk just as if they were angry?" Harry said. "I thought Mrs. Campbell was scolding awfully this afternoon; and Leading-Feather's wife was there, talking back, just like her. I asked Georgy what made 'em so mad at each other, and he said they weren't mad a bit; they were talking about the sugar bush, and the moccasin Fanny made."

"They all do it," said mamma, "while almost all the men speak so quietly. Poor women! they are little better than animals: my heart aches for them every day."

"They don't have to do a thing till they're ten or twelve," said Harry, "and then they begin, and work till they drop down dead. One of them said, why didn't *you* chop the wood, mamma, instead of having papa do it? I said white women didn't chop wood, and Beshquay said they ought to; and if he ever got a white wife, he'd make her."

"That reminds me that our potatoes are

still in the muskemote, and must be put down cellar, or they will freeze," said papa. "Hold up the board, Harry, and I'll pour them in."

The cellar was a hole in the middle of the room, which would hold three or four bushels, and a board in the floor over it, had been sawed out, and a support put underneath, so that it need not fall through when walked over. Indian cellars are made in this way, whenever they have houses. For the wigwams, they are dug outside, lined with grass or moss; and the potatoes being put in, are closed up, and kept there till needed. The corn, after being shelled, is sewed up in muskemotes, and kept in the same way, to secure it from mice.

Next morning, Harry, who had been sent for a pail of water, came up from the little lake without it.

"I don't want to get water at that place any more," he said; "Nokomis is putting a dog down the hole."

"Nokomis!" said mamma; "what is she doing that for?"

"Some charm," papa said, shouldering his axe, and going down to cut another hole. Georgy was close by, watching; and Nokomis, who was the sick baby's

grandmother, looked a little disturbed as she saw the Doctor coming, and began talking very fast to Georgy, who interpreted.

"She say your medicine good — make baby sleep; pretty soon, while it asleep, medicine-man take out manitou, put it into the dog, and tell her, drown the dog, and then baby get well quick."

"Tell her, if she must drown dogs, to do it in the great lake, and not here," said papa, "for she spoils our water. The child is better, so it must be the dog that has helped it. Why is it that Sozette seems to be out-doors all the time?"

"Josance gone away," said Georgy. "Gone to the long hunt, and Sozette not got much place to stay. She eat all round; we give her breakfast."

"Yes," said the farmer, who had come down for water. "It's a wonder that child don't starve to death; she would, if 'twarn't Injin fashion to share all round. Now, last summer, Josance was down below, gettin' goods to go off tradin' with, an' she went on to Pembina, 'long with an old Injin; she walked nigh four hundred miles afore she come back, and Josance never worried his head. She's cute, Sozette is, though. She's like to get all she wants."

Sozette was looking in at the window as they went back, and began to pick up chips industriously, saying as they passed, — "White people have much to eat. Perhaps, if I take them chips, they will give me some bread."

"Fill the little chip-box full," said Dr. Prescott, "and you shall have some."

Sozette, delighted, whirled round on one heel, till blanket and hair stood out straight together, and then went to work.

"Somebody must see to that child," said mamma, as they went in; "she's a bundle of rags. Do you know, Henry, she has nothing on but that torn calico dress, and some pieces of rag on her feet? She needs everything; and yet, if I make her a comfortable suit, it will be stolen, I'm afraid."

"That is not likely to happen here," said papa; "and I think she could be taught to take care of her clothes. You might have her bring water, and pick up chips, and let her feel that she is earning them. She depends on the squaws, now, for all she has, and is the loneliest little body up here, I believe, for she has only that old grandmother, six miles away, to think anything about her."

Sozette, hearing her name, listened at-

tentively; and when asked, through Georgy, if she would try to be a good girl, and do everything to please Mrs. Prescott, if she were allowed to stay, her brown eyes danced, and she promised so many things, that Georgy gave up trying to interpret, and summed it all up,—"She say she love pork; she say coffee is good; she say white folks have lots to eat; she love white folks; she work all the time; she eat good deal; she love to eat."

"There is no doubt about that," said Mrs. Prescott, after a little time of watching Sozette, whom, finally, she had to send away from the table. "The child has eaten nearly as much as we three. She'll be sick."

"No fear of that," said Dr. Prescott; "she's too active to have dyspepsia, though you must put her on allowance, for it is Indian nature, you know, to eat just as long as any food remains before them. When we came where elk were plenty, on the hunt last summer, they ate six or eight times a day. But what is the matter?"

The blacksmith ran round the house; and looking from the window, they saw that Sozette, who had been sent out to empty some water, had run up his roof,

which sloped almost to the ground, and was dropping snow-balls down the chimney, into the forge-fire.

"If you're goin' to see after that little varmint," said Hugh, as Sozette, before he could catch her, had run into the house, "why, you'll have yer hands full. There ain't no kind o' mischief she don't do, every minute o' the day."

"Not a nice white man," said Sozette, shaking her head. "He slapped me once. I shall do something to him."

Mrs. Prescott turned down the hem of an apron for her, and, after the dishes were set away, gave her a little thimble, and began to teach her to sew. The teams started about ten; Wade, with his horses, which had brought up Aiken's goods, and Oliver, with his oxen. Little Thunder's dog-train went at the same time, followed by some half-dozen Indians, who were going a few miles for company; and Sozette, who was half-sister to Oliver's wife, said she wanted to ride a little way, and would come back pretty soon, and sew some more. Harry went out with Georgy Campbell; and mamma, who was making gingerbread, listened at the same time to papa, who was repeating one of the thousand tenses of an

Ojibway verb. Suddenly he stopped. "There's a curious sound coming from the blacksmith's; what is it?"

"He's shouting and pounding," said mamma. "Go and see what the matter is, won't you, Henry?"

Harry and Georgy, who had also heard the noise, came running, as papa went out.

"Maybe he's sick," said Harry, looking in at the window.

"Open the door," roared old Hugh. "Open the door, I say!"

"But it's locked," said Harry. "Here's the key, though, dropped out."

"Has she gone off with the key?" shouted Hugh. "I'll roast her, if I catch her."

Dr. Prescott unlocked the door at once, and Hugh stepped out, blushing at being caught in such a fix, but angry enough to knock down somebody.

"Darn that Sozette!" he said. "I'll give it to her! She's spiled the best axe I've made yit."

"What does it all mean?" Dr. Prescott asked.

"Why, the little varmint came runnin' round the house, pretty soon after the teams started. I'd put my steel to red in

the forge fire, an' jist stepped out, to put a stick on the one in my part, for you see I was bakin' bread. I left the key outside the door; an' the very minute I stoops down to the baker, she bangs the door to, and turns the key, an' then stans there by the window, makin' faces. 'Open the door!' I says; an' off she puts, hollerin' out her Injin lingo, an' sayin' I could go up the chimbly, ef I wanted to git out. There warn't a soul round here, for they'd all gone off with the teams, an' I've been stampin' an' yellin', nigh half an hour. I'll give it to her, you'll see!"

Sozette came back just in time for dinner, but showed no penitence for her morning's work, only shaking her head a little as Dr. Prescott told her she must not do mischief. Old Hugh was seen chasing her in the course of the evening, and declared through the window, that he'd "rather have the sea-sarpint himself to deal with, than that child."

Two days went by; and on the afternoon of the third, Hugh, who had walked in, said, — "Here's news for you: Little Thunder's home."

"What!" said Dr. Prescott, astonished. "He cannot have been to Leech Lake and back."

"He could a done, ef he'd been a mind ter," said Hugh. "Them dog-trains goes fifty miles a day with a load, easy, but he didn't get no farther'n Turtle River, that fust one you come to, yer know, where yer sled broke. His son's been over to sharpen his knife, an' he told me all about it. Yer see, Turtle Lake, that the river runs out of, has froze over since yer come, and they crossed it well enough gettin' up here. So they thought it would bear easy, an' started across. Wade got over all right with his hosses, an' then comes Oliver lumberin' 'long with them oxen. There was one pretty ticklish place, where the ice was thin on account o' the current, settin' out strong to the river, an' Wade he hollered back to him to look out. Oliver thought he'd steered clear of it, an' just went ahead. A hoss would a known better; but them oxen, big fools, walks right into a air-hole; one went in all over, an' dragged along 'tother half-way. He fit and bellered, but, yer see, kep gettin' pulled in more'n more, when the other one kind of settled under the ice. Wade run back, an' him an' Quee wee ah, an' the rest, pulls an' hauls with ropes, till they gits this last one out; but yer see the cold was down to nowhar, an' the critter

friz stiff in five minutes. I tell yer, I'm level beat ef that Oliver ain't the onluckiest feller the Lord ever made. He don't have no kind of a chance nohow. He jest give them oxen to Little Thunder, an' piled into Wade's sled, without sayin' one word, good nor bad; an' that's what's happened. You ain't like ter git yer karosene yit awhile, fur there's high times among them Injins. A lot's started down to fish out the other ox, an' they'll bile an' roast, till there ain't a square inch o' either on 'em left. You'd better be huntin' up more pine knots," and old Hugh walked away.

Little Thunder was not seen for several days, but appeared at last with some beef as a peace-offering, and said, if they would provide more bread, he would start the next day without fail. So more bread was made, of course, for the kerosene must be had, and also a box with beans, and other provisions in it, which Oliver had forgotten; and Little Thunder really did start the next morning, though a heavy snow was falling. The precious pieces of candle were burned, one each evening; and while they lasted, mamma sewed, and papa read aloud, till each one burned down to the bit of wood which

served as candlestick, when they threw on pine cones, and by their light talked, or sang songs, which Georgy and the other children, who often spent the evening with them, learned rapidly. "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," was a special favorite, and Sozette rubbed knives, and picked up chips, and sewed to this one tune, till Harry said he was tired to death of hearing that, and began to teach her, "Old John Brown had a little Indian," trying to make her say the English words, which she utterly refused to do. Finally, with Georgy's help, he translated it into Ojibway, and the song was learned and sung with great applause by Georgy, Fanny, Sozette, Nah gou a sake, and Harry. You will like to see how it looked in its Indian dress, so I will write it for you. The words are pronounced exactly as I spell them for you; and if you learn this thoroughly, you can some day, perhaps, if far enough West to see Indians, astonish an Ojibway by repeating it to him: —

"Keka John Brown bungee Snarby
Keka John Brown bungee Snarby
Keka John Brown bungee Snarby
Pashick bungee Snarby qua wa zance
Pashick bungee neesh bungee niswe bungee Snarby

Neez washwe bungee nis washwe bungee
Shouguswe bungee Snarby
Quage bungee Snarby qua wa zance.

" Quage bungee shouguswe bungee nis washwe bungee
Snarby
Neez washwe bungee gutwoss bungee narnoon bungee
Snarby
Newin bungee niswe bungee neesh bungee Snarb
Pashick bungee Snarby qua wa zance."

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK or more went by before Little Thunder returned. The candles were burned, every one of them, and no more to be had. Mamma tried to get a little tallow from some of the Indians who had brought up the last ox from Turtle River, thinking that a tallow candle would be far better than no light at all; but tallow had been eaten by them with just as much relish as any other part, and not an ounce remained for candle or anything else. So all necessary work was done by daylight; and the evening, which began at four in the afternoon, was given up in great part to the children, six or eight of whom they had begun to teach, hoping that by and by these might learn to read.

Dr. Prescott had brought up some primers, but his Ojibway books were the Testament and a small hymn-book only, as these are the only books of their language in print. The feeling against learning English seemed to be just as strong with the children as with the parents; and

though Nah gou a sake would sometimes repeat an English word, she colored after doing it, and all the other children laughed. Even the little Campbells seemed ashamed of what they knew, and spoke Ojibway altogether, when not with their father. Mrs. Campbell, too, though she understood all that was said to her in English, spoke nothing but her own language. She wore the dress of a white woman, and was neat in her ways, but in all other points she was thoroughly Indian; and the children, growing up more under her influence than that of the father, would, if they remained here, have less and less in common with the whites. The farmer himself was anxious they should learn to read, and talked now and then of "going below," where his children might attend school; but long years among this wild people had unfitted him for any other life. He had had a tolerable education, and seemed capable of filling a far better position than the one he occupied, and Mrs. Prescott often wondered how he could have separated himself so completely from his own people. Aiken, who came over often from the trading-post to see them, explained the reason one evening.

"I tell you, ma'am," he said, "we're all savages the wust kind down at the bottom. There ain't a man with any grit to him, — I don't care if he's got D. D. and all the other D's tacked to his name, an' stan's in books up to his neck, — but what, if you'd take him an' set him down plump 'long with a tribe o' Injins, so't he couldn't get away, would take to huntin' an' fishin' for a livin', as nat'ral as a fish takes to water; an' what's more, wouldn't give it up, either, if he had a chance. You look at Daniel Boone, an' all the rest o' them sort, straight through. They couldn't be white folks, to save their lives. Natur was too strong. I tell you, men is nat'rally savages. This boy'll be one, ef you don't look out."

"No I won't," Harry cried. "I'll go home fast as I can, when we've stayed long enough."

"That's it," Aiken went on. "Maybe you'll find there ain't no such thing as stayin' long enough. Now, there's old Hugh; been up in this country hard on fifteen year, movin' on, movin' on, to get out o' the way o' white folks. He says there's too many here now, an' he'll have to go off to Devil's Lake, or White Earth, maybe. Madder'n hops, he is, at the Pa-

cific Railroad. Says there won't be a spot, pretty soon, where a man can be alone ef he's a mind to. He's like all the rest that comes here; got an old mother to home, an' relations round in one place an' another, an' he don't write a word to one on 'em. Might as well be dead, for all they know about him. There's just Injin blood enough in me to keep me goin'; an' go I shall, till I die."

"You're sort of black," said Harry, "but you've got blue eyes and curly hair; that doesn't look much like an Indian."

"That's so," Aiken replied. "This is the way it is: my father was a Scotchman, a trader for the Northwest Company, over to Lake Superior; he was blue-eyed an' red-headed. My mother was a 'bois brulé,' an' I was raised mostly by a Yankee."

"What is a 'bois brulé?'" Mrs. Prescott asked.

"French and Injin mixed; half-breed, you know. 'Burnt-wood,' the words is. They called 'em so, for their skins was darker'n an Injin's, without that kind o' reddish look to 'em. I talked Chippewa to my mother, an' Scotch English to my father, an' French to my grandfather. We lived at La Pointe, an island in the

lake, you know. My mother died when I warn't over three, an' my father right after; an' then a Yankee, from Maine, took a fancy to me, an' said he'd see after me. So you see I learned Yankee o' him, for talk Chippewa he wouldn't; and between Spanish I learned down on the Isthmus, an' forty 'leven lingos from the natives, my tongue gets so tied up I don't know what I am; Yankee, mostly, I guess. It paid to hold on to that, for it got me good berths when I wanted 'em; an' many a one has said they'd take me to be straight from Maine. I'm obleeged to that man, for though he got plenty o' pay out o' me, yet ef it hadn't been for him, I might 'a been a 'coureur du bois' this minute."

"What's that?" Harry asked.

"A fellow that's always paddlin' a canoe; an' when he ain't doin' that, carries 'pieces.'"

"'Pieces?'" repeated Harry, puzzled. "Pieces of what?"

"I may as well tell you from the beginning," Aiken said, laughing, "or else you'll have to ask questions all night. La Pointe is in the lake, I told you; an' there's a trading post, an' mission there. It's easy enough gettin' at through Mack-

inaw. Now there's steamboats running all the time; but thirty years ago we went by canoe or bateaux, and there wasn't any other way. I was about nine then, but could go all day, jest like an Injin; an' the man I was with got tired o' La Pointe. I was going to Mr. Ayre's school, for he'd just come there then for missionary; but we started right off for Lac du Flambeau, jest as I'd begun to read pretty easy, an' that's the last schoolin' I've had to this day, though I did pick up writin', an' some figgers, as I went along, an' made use of 'em.

"Well, this man was goin' to trade at Lac du Flambeau, an' took goods along. We had one bateau an' two canoes, an' about fifteen, all told, went along; eight to row the bateau, an' the rest for canoe an' loose work. Two was Injins; then me an' the man, — Preston his name was, — an' eleven 'coureurs du bois.' The bateau I see you want to know about. That was a light-built boat, forty feet long, an' ten or twelve wide, maybe, in the middle. Our'n held five tons, easy. We had grub for a year, an' all the goods, powder, an' the like, that would be wanted. When we got to Forty-five Mile Portage, that's between Montreal River and Por-

A *bateau* on the lake. See page 154.

tage Lake, I took my first 'piece,' though really 'twarn't much more'n quarter of a 'piece.'

"You see that's all wild country, or 'twas then; no kind of road, only a trail made by the Injins an' coureurs du bois, goin' back an' forth. 'Long the lake shore, it's mostly sand an' rocks; but you get back a ways, an' there's hard-wood enough to build boats for all creation. This fust portage was all timber; forty-five mile o' the thickest kind o' woods, an' every pound o' flour, an' salt, an' pork, — all the 'bacca, an' powder'n shot, everything you want to eat or to sell, just had to be taken over on men's backs. The furs, too, all went jest so. The fur company at Mackinaw'd send out their runners to buy up the furs; an' they'd go all through the country, where there weren't no reg'lar trading-posts, sometimes on water, sometimes on land, hundreds o' miles. We got all our goods at Mackinaw, took 'em through the lake to Montreal River, an' then you go up that to the first portage.

"When you get there, everything's put up into packs an' bales, handy for carryin', eighty pound weight about, to each, an' each one o' them packs is a '*piece*.' They

put a barrel o' flour into two bags, an' one o' them's a 'piece.' So's a keg o' pork or gunpowder; an' every man's expected to carry two o' them 'pieces' to once. He takes them Injin fashion: has a leather band to go over his head, — portage-collar they call it, — three inches wide, maybe, at the back, an' from this there's straps long enough to tie round the packs. Then he ties on his two pieces: hists up one, an' bends forrard a little, so't rests on his back an' hips mostly. It's easy enough then to pull up t'other, an' lay it on top, an' off he goes on a jog trot; pretty fast, too. Each man has his share o' the load given him at the start, an' he's got to keep it all together. I mean, if a man's got ten pieces to take over the portage, — that's five loads, you know, — he'll carry the first load, half, or a third of a mile, maybe, an' then trot back for the next one, an' so on, till he's got 'em all together agin. There's what they call a hundred an' twenty-two 'poses' — that means stopping-places — on that portage, an' it takes nigh on four weeks to get across with much of a load. We was twenty-four days; an' after that there was two more portages; one a hundred rods long, maybe, an' the last one three miles.

"When I was at the lake there warn't much of a post there, but more'n two hundred o' these 'pieces' had to be brought over every year. I stayed there till I was pretty near eighteen, an' was as good a coureur as any of 'em. Then Preston died, an' left me his trade an' a good bit o' money. I had coureurs then o' my own; but I've carried my 'pieces' year after year, sir, an' hard work though it is, I never had a sick day in my life, till I got the darned Isthmus fever. I've trotted over pretty much all this country, for goods had to come here just the same way, till three or four years ago, when this road was made. I've seen all kinds o' sights: fights between Sioux an' Ojibways; white folks scalped, an' the devil's own work goin' on in all ways. I was right in the midst, when the Sioux raid began in 1863, an' came nearer then losin' my scalp'n I ever did; but I got away. Me an' Hugh was together then. He learned me blacksmithin'."

"O, tell all about the raid," said Harry.

"Not to night," Aiken said. "I've talked enough for once; but I will, some day. There's yarns enough I might tell. I never thought much about 'em at the time, but there's lots that's asked me questions since then."

"How is it that you went to South America?" said Dr. Prescott. "I thought that those who have been brought up to this life seldom, if ever, left it."

"Well, I'll tell you. I told you I was 'coureur du bois' till I was eighteen or so; and the white people that came in as settlers always took me for one of the 'mangeurs de lard,' pork-eaters, you know. I mean a Canadian, tied up like all of 'em. You see the traders an' their clerks was the aristocracy of the country. French they mostly were, 'n some English or Scotch now an' then. The fur company had its head-quarters at Mackinaw, an' other trading-posts round in different places. Their men, the coureurs du bois I've been talkin' about, came mostly from Canada. They'd hire 'em for five years, an' agree to give 'em five hundred livres a year, — that's about eighty-four dollars. They gave 'em an outfit every year, — two cotton shirts, a three-point blanket, a portage collar, an' pair o' shoes. Get 'em off in the Indian country, an' they had to buy their own moccasins, tobacco (for they can't do without that), an' everything else they needed of the traders; an' they charged 'em any price they liked. So, you see, they'd run in debt, an' at the end

o' the five year, be head over ears, — over a hundred dollars, maybe. Then he'd have to stay on till he'd paid; and as he never could catch up (for, you see, 'twas the trader's interest not to have him), he'd stay on all his life. The traders lived high often, but these fellers didn't have nothin' but hulled corn, an' some taller or pemmican in it for flavor. Once in a while they'd get a little salt or pork for it, but it cost awful. They called 'em pork-eaters because they never had no time to hunt for better meat; an' as I was all the while with 'em, they called me that too, till I got to be trader myself. They did it then too, for they don't care for a trader that's come up from the ranks; and that's the reason I left, and sha'n't go back there no more, though things be different now. This is a good place, an' good Injins, too. Ojibways is the best there are."

"Then you have not forgotten the language?"

"Cried in it afore I could speak," Aiken answered, "so I ain't likely to. I've always sort of held to it. You've picked it up pretty well, too, but I shouldn't wonder if I could help you."

"You could, indeed," said Dr. Prescott. "We have no way of learning it, except

word by word from the Indians; and you know English so well, you could translate it into Ojibway for us, and it would be the greatest help to talk with you, and have you correct us."

"Well," said Aiken, looking very much pleased, "traders ginerally are agin whites learning the language, for they think, you see, ef you know too much, you'll spile their trade; but I ain't one o' that sort, an' you're welcome to any help I've got to give."

So it happened that, three or four evenings in the week, Aiken came over; and though he knew nothing about grammar, still helped them in many ways; so that before the winter ended, though far enough from knowing Ojibway, they could easily make themselves understood, and were each day gaining more. Georgy and Fanny improved in their English, too, and the other children could read a very little in the Testament, and were delighted with all they learned. They could spell now, in three or four letters; and Mrs. Prescott began an experiment, which did not succeed so well as she had hoped.

Georgy had a slate which had been brought from Crow Wing. On this slate she made rough drawings of animals, and

printing the *English* name in large letters underneath, had the children spell them. Sozette, the quickest of the scholars, generally led off. For instance, Mrs. Prescott, drawing a cat, would point to the name underneath, and say, "Wagonind?" (what is it?)

"C-a-t, *meenoose*," Sozette would answer.

"C-a-t, *cat*," Mrs. Prescott would say. "Spell it together, children."

"C-a-t, *cat*," came from Georgy and Fanny; but "C-a-t, *meenoose*," from all the rest, till told they *must* speak the English word; when "C-a-t, *cat*," would be heard, almost whispered.

"Now, what is this?" Mrs. Prescott would go on, rubbing out the cat, and drawing an ox.

"O-x, *bezheekee*," would sound; and then began the same trouble all over again.

"English has short, easy words," Mrs. Prescott would say, taking up a pin. "This is p-i-n, *pin*; but you say, 'ish te gou sharboneeken'" (needle with a head).

"Ojibway nisheshin; Shogenos ka win nisheshin" (Ojibway good; English not good), was always the answer, till mamma was almost discouraged, though she persevered in making them learn two or three English words every day. She could

teach them to sew neatly, and to wash their faces; and as they were much interested in the pictures in "Harper's Weekly," and some other papers, she finally made seeing them the reward of all who had spelled and pronounced three English words, and who came looking tolerably neat. A tin pan was hung in the Indian room, and a coarse towel; and as most of them had no convenience for washing in the wigwams, they were, on the whole, rather pleased at doing it there, — above all as a piece of brown soap was given them, for this costs the Indians, as the traders sell it, seventy-five cents a small bar.

Josance had returned from his hunt, but was too well pleased at finding Sozette in such good quarters, to think of taking her away; and so she stayed on, tormenting and amusing them by turns. Little Thunder had come long before this, for 'twas now the middle of February; and though his train had proved to be not wide enough for the box of provisions, the kerosene had been safely brought, and they enjoyed the bright evenings all the better for having, at one time, been forced to depend on pine-knots. The keenest cold was past, for twenty below zero is

warm for Red Lake; and four times, in the month of January, their spirit thermometer had fallen to from forty-five to fifty-four degrees below. The coldest winter for years, all said; and in the one mail which had come to them by one of the traders, since reaching there, the papers spoke of it as very severe everywhere. Iron skinned the fingers, if touched with an ungloved hand; and now and then an Indian came in with shockingly frozen feet. One in particular, Harry will not forget, who walked across the lake, fifteen miles, to get some ointment. Three of his toes were entirely gone, and the raw flesh seemed to quiver as Dr. Prescott dressed it; yet the young man sat still, smoking, and humming the sort of minor chant they all know, and smiling as Mrs. Prescott gave him some bread.

"Kaget, sunnygut" (That is dreadful), Harry said, looking at his foot.

"It is nothing," the young Indian answered; and though he winced as he bore his weight again on the foot, he walked off as freely as if nothing were the matter.

Snow fell constantly. So much had not fallen for years, old Hugh said, and it lay now between three and four feet on a level, and drifts every now and then of

twice that depth. No teams could come through from Leech Lake; a road had been made by the dog-trains which went back and forth for the traders, but it was only a narrow ridge, hardly a foot wide; no horse could stand on it, and a sled, whether drawn by them or oxen, would tip off, first one side and then the other, while they struggled through the drifts. The paths to the wigwams are like this: the Indians walk always in single file, and there was but one path where Harry and his mother could walk side by side, without tumbling off. With such deep snow, snow-shoes are very little use, and many of the Indians were unable to go to the winter hunt, and remained at home, so that the traders' supply of furs was less than usual.

There are three hunts: the long one in the fall, beginning in October generally, and ending early in December; a short one in January and another long one, beginning the last of February, and ending at sugaring time. The trader whom the Indian may choose, supplies him with traps, powder and shot, tobacco, and what other things he may need, the Indian binding himself to give a certain number of skins in payment. Generally he keeps

his promises faithfully; though sometimes, if he gets angry for any cause, he goes to another trader and disposes of his furs. On this account they are always on the watch; and each trader sends out men, who fill the office of the coureurs du bois I have spoken of, travelling long distances through the snow, and often getting the skins in the hunter's camp. When, too, it is heard that an Indian is on his way in, men from the different stores go out, each one trying to persuade him to sell to them. Aiken complained bitterly of this, saying that Fairbanks, the other trader, watched all night for the Indians, who travel most at that time in the winter, as going over the snow by daylight often brings on what is called snow-blindness. They hunt sometimes in twos or threes, but more often alone. The traps for mink, otter, and musk-rats, are set near their haunts; and how many are caught in a good season, you can judge, when I tell you that nearly fifteen hundred of mink alone were brought in to the two posts at Red and Leech lakes, last winter.

The hunter eats the bodies of the animals taken, and through the day busies himself in skinning them, scraping and oiling the inside of the skin, and drying it

near the fire. Wolves and foxes, which prowl about any camp, find pieces of meat lying around, and eating them, are soon attacked by a sickness, which stretches them out stiff and stark. The hunter considers his traps too precious for them, and uses poison instead, a little of which he sprinkles on the meat. A bear is sometimes, though rarely, met; the Indians seldom go out to attack them alone, but in parties of two or three, follow their track, and drive them out of the caves, where they spend much of the time in winter. To every Indian he is more or less "manitou," for the medicine-men wear necklaces of bears' claws; and whoever kills one is accounted a brave.

Sometimes a moose or elk is started, and then a furious chase on snow-shoes follows. The dogs, one or two of which always accompany the hunter, and have the pointed nose and general appearance of the fox, chase the poor animal till it is exhausted, and then penning it in some corner, the Indian, on coming up, either shoots, or cuts the throat with his long knife.

All the meat which cannot be eaten is cut in strips, and smoked a little over the fire, ready to be taken home for family use. Soup made of this smoked meat, and

thickened with flour, is almost as great a luxury as dog soup. Harry and papa grew to like moose meat very much, but mamma could never quite get over the strong, smoky taste. Rabbits were very plenty; and on the scaffolds put up for that purpose before every lodge, hung many hundreds of white-fish, which, being caught late in the fall, are frozen and strung on poles, by a hole made in the head. The meat is pure white, firm, and delicate; so much prized, indeed, that large quantities caught in Lake Superior are packed in ice, and sent inland, and numbers more salted like cod. It is said to be found only in Lake Superior, and those connected with it; and there are none at Leech Lake, — tullibees, a smaller and somewhat coarser fish, taking their place. The country lying northwest of Superior, between that lake and Red Lake, is almost unexplored; and Dr. Prescott often said that if alone, he should be tempted to start off with some of the Indians, when spring came, and try to discover the stream which must somewhere connect the two lakes, if what they told him was true; to which mamma always answered that he had been on one wild expedition, and that was enough.

Sozette had been warmly clothed. Mamma wanted to cut her hair, but this was contrary to all Indian custom, and could not be thought of. So the wild locks were braided and tied; but Sozette's fashion of rolling down hill when she went for water, generally untied them, and she came back with them flying around her face. Still, she was clean now, and very proud of her two dresses; and still more so of a new apron, on the bottom of which were sewed several rows of red braid, presented by Harry.

One Sunday morning she did not appear, and a boy of fourteen or fifteen, who lived in one of the wigwams close by, was seen parading back and forth, with this apron tied about his head. Noon came, and still no Sozette. Harry went down to her father's wigwam, to which he had moved after renting his house to Aiken, and which was shut up. That is, Josance, having gone away for the day, had put a pine bough in front of the door, to show that he was not at home; and on seeing that, no one would enter, though his things were lying on the floor, and a fox-skin, worth several dollars, hung from the pole of the wigwam.

Night came; and at dusk Sozette was

seen stealing up to the Campbells', from whence Georgy presently walked down, looking very much disturbed, and holding a ribbon in his hand.

"Sozette up with us," he said; "she 'fraid to come here."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Prescott.

"For coz she throw stick all night."

"Do what?" said Dr. Prescott.

"Throw stick, as you saw good while ago; all shape stick, you know, — throw 'em down: sometime lie good one way, — then sometime lie very bad; then you lose."

"I know," said Harry; "it's what they gamble with, mamma. Sticks, cut in all sorts of shapes, like arrows and things; if they lie straight when you throw them down, you win; but if they cross, you lose."

"She lose all the time," said Georgy. "I play some, an' she bet this ribbon. I win; then bum by, pretty soon, my father know, an' he say, — 'Bring it here;' so I do. Then she bet her stockings, an' lose them; an' she bet her apron, an' Waskiss get that. That was Sattleday. Then I go home, an' she play all night with some more, till the sun come, an' lose her clothes most all. Waskiss get 'em, an' she

go to sleep. She 'fraid to come back. She say she tell her father you whip her, an' took 'em away, an' tell her not come here any more."

"What will you do?" said Harry, after Georgy had gone.

"Go first and see Waskiss's mother," papa answered, "and tell her that as the clothes were not Sozette's, but ours, he must give them back. They were given to her to wear so long as she was good, and Nah gon a sake was to have them if trouble came up."

So papa went down to the wigwam, coming back presently with dress, petticoat, stockings, apron, and moccasins, which he said Waskiss had at first refused to give up, telling him they had been won in fair play, but pulling them out from behind the chimney when he heard that they were not hers to lose. Sozette hovered about the windows, having heard from Georgy that it would be no use to go to her father; and on being brought in, began to cry, and promised never to do so again. Josance was called up and told the true state of the case, that she need not think it was to be passed over lightly, and then she was sent home for the night, very much in disgrace.

Mamma sat in a brown study for some time after she left, till roused by papa, who said, — "What are you thinking of, Mary?"

"That the child is hardly to blame. They have so few amusements, that I can't wonder at their playing anything which will pass away the time. I wish we had a checker-board."

"That last piece of board up-stairs, shall make one," said papa, "and black and white buttons will do for the men. I am glad you thought of it."

"'Tit tat to!'" said Harry, suddenly jumping up. "I'll show her how to play 'tit tat to,' to-morrow. I can make the marks for that on the slate, and maybe they could learn dominoes too."

So, when to-morrow came, and Sozette's morning sewing was over, Harry, who had his slate, and some red and white corn ready, went out into the Indian room, and explained the game to her. She caught the idea at once, and both Georgy and she could soon make a row. Two Indians, who came in for medicine, stopped to look, and Sozette immediately began giving lessons. The two squatted down on the floor, with the slate between, joined soon by two or three more, who were equally interested. Harry drew another set of lines on

the board in the corner, and played there for a little while with Sozette, giving up his place, finally, to Ma dwa ga non ind, who had come for a visit; and, surprised to find several of his subjects on the floor, over a slate, stopped to see what it meant. He learned the game, and was pleased with the paper for it which Harry gave him, putting it carefully into his tobacco-pouch.

"One good deed done," papa said, laughing, when Harry came in. "'Tit tat to' is surely better than cards; and you have all the credit, Harry, of having introduced it into the Ojibway nation. How do you like my work?"

Papa held up the board, which he had planed thin and smooth; then marked on it the right number of little squares, and painted them red and black. A line of red and black made a border for the whole; and when it was set up to dry, where one could not see the rough edges, Harry declared it was just as pretty as a store one. At any rate, it answered the purpose; and Sozette, learning to play the game, gave up "throwing stick" altogether. The white buttons she called Ojibways, and the black ones Sioux; and many a fierce battle was fought that winter by the children.

Waskiss grew to like the game very much; but if he found that the Sioux were beating, dumped black and white together on the table, and began again. Leading Feather begged for a board, and Dr. Prescott made him one in the same way; the older Indians, too, enjoying the game, and spending at it many hours which would otherwise have been given to cards. So days went on, and by and by came to Harry an adventure, of which you shall hear soon.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the other side of the lake lived E sen e wub (Little Rock), chief over a band of some hundred Indians, and the tallest man, not a giant, that Harry had ever seen, for he was six feet four and a half inches. This winter, when not off on a hunt, he had spent with his youngest wife, who lived near Little Thunder's, calling now and then on the two who were on the other side of the lake.

A new lodge is made by the Ojibways for every new wife taken; and though the common Indians generally have but one, the chiefs take as many as they can clothe. "Hole-in-the-Day" has six, Ma dwa ga non ind four, and the other chiefs in proportion to their rank. The oldest son always succeeds the father, and so the right is handed down, unless the chief die without children; in which case, the brother next in age takes his place. Ma dwa ga non ind is head chief, you know, and to him are referred all disputes which may arise among the different bands.

His four brothers are also men of great influence, two of them being medicine-men, and his sister is Little Rock's wife.

Mo se mo ranks next; a surly, discontented Indian, always growling because he was not made head chief. Then come E sen e wub, Nab gou a ga nabe, and last, Little Thunder, whose band numbers about twenty. So far as Dr. Prescott could find out, no tribute is ever paid these chiefs; on the contrary, as they receive more money and provisions from Government, they are expected to aid any who, through sickness, or any other reason, are unable to hunt. They take the seat of honor in lodges, and speak first in council; but further than this, no more respect is paid to them than to any other Indian.

Little Rock's eldest wife was sick, on the other side of the lake; too sick to come herself for medicine, and her husband, having heard of it, was very anxious that Dr. Prescott should go over with him, carry some medicine, and tell him if she was in any danger. The night, he said, could be spent in the well wife's lodge, where his oldest son lived, and where there was much meat.

"O, let me go too," Harry said, when he heard the plan.

"You cannot walk fifteen miles," papa answered, "and you must stay to take care of mamma."

"The white squaw shall come with the child," said Little Rock. "She cannot walk like our women, and the dogs shall take her across the lake."

"Would you like to go, Mary?" papa said. "It will not be like our coming up, you know, for the weather is milder now, and the dogs go fast."

Mrs. Prescott hesitated at first, but Little Rock urged all to come, and Harry begged hard, telling her she could not stay alone, and would keep him at home too, if she did not go. So at last it was decided to lock up the house, and leave it in the farmer's care; and early next morning, E sen e wub came over with Little Thunder's dog-train, which you know all about. Mamma put all the bread in the house in a basket, knowing that they would find none where they were going; and with it a little pail of apple-sauce for the sick woman.

The train was exactly a foot wide, and nearly eight feet long; and on each side Little Rock had put a stick for mamma to hold by, knowing that she was not used to balancing. A low box was in the middle,

and on it she sat down on three blankets, laid out flat, which, when she had made herself as narrow as she could, were rolled about her, and tied down to keep them in place. Just in front of her sat Harry, wrapped in the same way. Little Thunder had come, partly to guide the dogs, and partly because the sick woman was his cousin, and the train started, encouraged by a cheer, which Georgy began, and in which everybody who had come out to look joined. E sen e wub's tall figure led the way, wrapped in scarlet blanket, with cap of the same; then the dogs, and Little Thunder close behind with his whip, and all in white from head to foot; and last papa, in an army overcoat, and blanket cap, with green goggles on, to prevent snow-blindness. Indeed, they all wore green goggles, except mamma, who had a green veil instead; and you may fancy Harry, grown fat and brown since his coming to Red Lake, rolled up to his ears in blankets, and these green goggles astride of his small nose.

Mamma held fast to the two sticks as they started, for, so close were they to the ground, there seemed no reason why she should not find herself at any moment on that instead of the train; and Harry sat

up straight, and pushed his feet against the curving front, to steady himself.

"Suppose the dogs should see a deer and just run," he said; "we're all tied up, and couldn't get off. Wouldn't it be fun? Or suppose we should meet a bear the other side; that's where they are, you know, mamma, and they could bite our heads right off, just as easy, before we could get away. There's ever so many things that *might* happen."

As he talked the train went by the trading-post, and Aiken brought out a cake of maple-sugar for him, and laughed at the goggles. The path lay now through the hard-woods, as all timber, which is not pine, is called. Here it was principally maple and white birch, and they soon left the narrow belt behind, coming out on rather high ground, passing the old Jesuit mission, forsaken years before; and, though the cross still surmounted one building, given up to the Indians, many of whom came out to watch them down the bluff. There were graves here of those who had died in the Roman Catholic faith, the cross on each rising above the snow which covered them.

The path led down between two very steep bluffs, and the train bumped from

drift to drift, till safely on the lake, when the way for some miles was marked by poles stuck down in the snow, so that if Indians became snow-blind in crossing, they could have some guide on the way. Here the dogs would have run, had not Little Thunder held them back, knowing that Dr. Prescott could not keep up at that pace, though he had learned the little trot of the Indians, which is far easier than walking. Now and then he slipped from the narrow ridge, but the crust of the deep snow on either side was hard enough to prevent his sinking into the water, though, had he been fifty pounds heavier, he would have been soaked up to his knees. You will wonder how water could be there, and stay water, with the thermometer at eighteen degrees below zero, as it was that morning, and I will tell you.

When so great a quantity of snow falls as did last winter, the weight gradually presses down the ice; and on the same principle that a full pail of water will run over, if you drop any heavy body into it, so the water rises over the ice and under the warm covering of the crusted snow. As more and more falls, more water of course rises, kept from freezing by the white blanket Dame Nature has spread

over it; and at the time Harry crossed the lake, the last of February, five or six inches of water, or rather slush, lay between the ice and snow, and would, when warmer days came, make it almost impassable.

As they left the bluff, they saw a dark speck on the ice, coming toward them, and a little more than half-way over, met it. It was Ma ja ke osh, brother to Nah gou a gan abe, who had been off on a hunt; and by the way E sen e wub said, "Ah, ta! ishtay!" Harry knew that something more than common was being brought home.

"What is it?" he said to papa, who had gone forward to look.

"Something which they say has not been taken here for years, and will make Ma ja ke osh rich. He has trapped a black fox! It will bring three or four hundred dollars at St. Paul, and Aiken will give him one hundred at least for it."

Mamma looked at the wonderfully fine, beautiful fur; and then Ma ja ke osh, who had also a bear-skin, and with whom were two dogs, which snapped and sprung at the others, passed on, looking well content with his work.

A little after noon they reached the other side, going up even higher bluffs than those they had left behind. Look on

your maps, far up in Northern Minnesota, and you will see that Red Lake narrows in the middle, and broadens out again. This strait, narrower really than it looks on the map, is formed by a point of land running out some four miles. The country between this lake and Lake Winipeg is made up of small lakes, countless streams, and much swamp, and only the Indians know it well. Going northeast through a little stream, called Sturgeon River, and across one portage to Rainy River, they pass down to Superior in the summer; and it is, they say, by a stream on this portage, filled with rocks and rapids, that the white-fish from Superior enter Red Lake.

Little Rock's lodge stood with nine or ten others, under the shelter of the pine woods, which had at some time extended to the edge of the bluff, but gradually had been cut down for fuel. The Indians came out to meet them, saying, "Bo jou," cordially; and Harry and mamma, who were stiff from keeping so long in one position, went into the wigwam of Little Rock's well wife, and sat down on a rush mat before the fire, while papa went into the next one to see the sick woman, who proved to be much better, and really

needed no medicine at all, though she insisted on taking some. In the wigwam where Harry sat, everything seemed neat. Muskemotis of corn and potatoes were in one corner; bundles of rushes, used in making rush-mats, lay about; strips of meat hung from a pole across the wigwam, and a young girl was pounding corn in a trough made from a block of wood hollowed out. In the corner lay an old woman rolled in a blanket; and near her sat the wife, making bead-work bands, and looking shyly now and then at the visitors. Three fat puppies slept near the fire, and a yellow cat lay with her head resting on the neck of one.

"Pussy, pussy!" Harry called, but pussy paid no attention.

"Pussy, pussy!" he said again; and then, remembering where he was, called, "Meenoose, meenoose!"

Pussy opened her eyes, and came at once to be stroked, and mamma said gravely, "Meenoose kawin kendun Shogenos; kee kendun Ojibway" (Pussy does not understand English; she only knows Ojibway).

What a laugh this little joke made! Bashfulness ended at once, and mamma found it more than she could do to answer

all the questions asked. Two children, who had been rolling about almost naked on the rush mats, finding that Harry could understand them pretty well, slipped on their little blanket coats, and took him out to see a moose which had been brought in whole that morning; and mamma, who was now warm, went into the next wigwam to see the other wife, who was much pleased with the apple-sauce. A medicine-man was there, beating a drum; and, distracted by the noise, Mrs. Prescott soon went back to the first tent, where Win a pe, the other wife, was busy getting dinner. She had lived with Mrs. Campbell the year before, and learned a very little housekeeping, and mamma was glad to see that her pails and frying-pan were tolerably clean, for generally she had a very reasonable dislike to food from Indian dishes.

Slices of moose-meat had been cut and were frying now in a pan with some Government pork; potatoes bubbled in a tin pail over the fire, and soon a dinner was ready, which with the addition of bread and salt from the basket they had brought, seemed delicious. Little Rock, if he found a specially tender bit of meat, presented it, on the point of his long knife, to mamma, and Mrs. Little Rock peeled potatoes for her

with her fingers, both of which kindnesses she could have very well done without; for the fingers, dripping with pork-fat, were first sucked, and then wiped on the blanket; and the scalping-knife had cut tobacco not long before, to say nothing of skinning the moose. There were no plates, and only two tin basins for the tea, from one of which, papa, mamma, and Harry, took turns in drinking, while the other one did duty for all the rest. A small mocock, a birch-bark box, was brought out, filled with maple-sugar; and after the meal ended, Little Rock insisted on their taking it home with them, only ceasing to urge when he heard that they had a large mocockful, which would last till sugaring-time came.

That afternoon they went about among the wigwams, visiting all, close by. Mamma, who finally grew tired, went back and stayed with Win a pe, who toward evening, probably in honor of her visitors, took the youngest child and washed him in the pail in which the potatoes had been boiled. They had more for supper, cooked in this same pail, when the bath was over; but mamma, who had lost her appetite, ate only some bread, and drank a little tea.

At evening, as many Indians as could

get into the lodge, gathered there; some had been off on the hunt with Dr. Prescott, and knew him, though he had forgotten them, and all were ready to be entertained by the pictures in a "Harper" he had put in his pocket on starting, and which he explained to them as well as his stock of Ojibway would allow. At last he took out the little Testament, and read from it by the flickering light, some of the most interesting chapters in Matthew; telling them it was Gitchee Manitou's book, in which He told His will to all His children.

Reading Ojibway so that one can be understood, is easy, after the sounds of the letters have been thoroughly learned, and they understood him perfectly. He read last the eighteenth chapter, which closes, you know, with the story of the servant, who, being in debt to his master, was forgiven, but who afterward put his fellow-servant in prison for the same reason.

"Ka win nisheshin zhee mo koman," the Indians said. (Not a good man.)

"White men are seldom good," Little Thunder said. "Indians would be ashamed to do what they do. The white man does not scalp the head, but he poisons the heart, and that is worse. Gitchee Ogema Lincoln (the great white chief, Lin-

coln) was good, and there are some like him; but a white man killed him, — and the man the book talks to you of was also killed, because he was good. The white man does not love goodness. His heart is bad."

There was little to say to this, and soon they separated. The blankets were spread, and they lay down by the lodge-fire, white and red, side by side, and slept the long night through.

By eight next morning they were off, E sen e wub returning with them, and at two o'clock were in their own little house again. Que we zan schus, Ma dwa ga non ind's oldest brother, came in before the fire was lighted, and asked papa to go home with him at once, as his little girl was bleeding from the lungs again. An di so ge zhe coke, was her name, and she had been over often to see them this winter, looking thinner and paler each time. She had had one hemorrhage before, which had been checked, but papa was afraid she could not live till spring, as she was at the age when very many of the young Indian girls die of consumption. He went without waiting for dinner, coming back in an hour or two, looking grave and tired.

"Poor child!" he said; "they are beat-

ing their drums about her, and one of the men has put at the door a piece of white cloth, painted red, to drive away the manitou which has made her bleed."

"Will she die?" Harry asked.

"Not this time, I think, though she is likely to at any time. You know what a stern, silent Indian her father is, and yet he is as tender as a woman with that little girl. He has hardly slept for three or four nights, and she will take nothing except from him."

"I will go over to-morrow and carry her something," said mamma. "Now come to dinner, for you must be famished."

The next day was the twenty-ninth of February, and the first leap-year Harry could remember. He celebrated it by staying in-doors, for heavy snow fell all day long, and spring opened in a whirlwind; at night hail and rain fell together, and a faint rumble of thunder was heard. Then the mercury went down, down, and by morning keen, bitter cold was upon them once more. Papa went over to Que we zan schus' every day, and gradually An di so ge zhe coke grew strong enough to walk about again. The cold lessened, and in another week the sun shone down warm through the middle of the day. Dried ap-

ples they had plenty of, so three or four times a week Harry and mamma carried over apple-sauce for her, and became intimate with both the child and her father.

One morning, going over early with papa, they found women clearing away the snow from the open ground back of Que we zan schus', with their snow-paddles, which are like immense wooden spoons; while others were cutting and trimming long poles, and bringing pine boughs. In the house the women were pounding corn, and washing potatoes; and large tin pails filled with both were in the fire-place, waiting for boiling.

"A medicine dance, surely," papa said; "when will it be, An di so ge zhe coke?"

"To-day," she answered; "very soon. They are killing the dogs now."

"What will they dance for?" Harry said.

"For me," said An di so ge zhe coke. "The blood still comes into my mouth, and they will take away the manitou to-day. See, I have new moccasins. Come when the sun is high, and you shall see."

So at noon the family came over, finding the Indians gathered together, and every preparation made for a "Grand Medicine." Poles had been put up, cover-

ing a space a hundred feet long, from which the snow had been carefully cleared. Against these poles on the outside, pine boughs were thickly piled, to keep off the wind. Within, rush mats were spread, on which were seated over a hundred Indians, men, women, and children; and in the centre were two posts, on the cord between which hung the gifts that day made to the medicine-men by the father of the sick child: blankets, long pieces of calico, and two or three gay shawls.

Among the Ojibways this dance is a sacred ceremony, including as many mysterious rites as Freemasonry, or the old Druidical worship which you learn about in early English history, and all are initiated when very young. There are many degrees, the highest of which can only be reached by the oldest men; and no Indian who has not at some time of his life been received into the circle, can pass at death to the happy hunting grounds.

Between this world and the world of spirits, they believe there lies a pitch-black lake of boiling water, crossed by a very slender pole, held by an old woman, who sits on the other side. The Indian, who in this life has listened to the counsels of the medicine-men, been brave on the war-

path, a good hunter, and just in his actions, crosses the pole easily; but if he has wronged any one, and failed to repair the wrong, has been a coward, or slighted the medicine-men, he falls when in the middle of the pole; and being swept down by the boiling current into the land of shadows, wanders forever, vainly seeking the happy hunting grounds.

When he has sinned lightly, though not enough to forfeit his place, the old woman turns the pole over and over, so that every nerve is strained to keep his balance, and he crosses in mortal terror of falling.

Harry knew this story, and was curious to see what the ceremonies were. Crooked Arm, after consulting a moment with one of the medicine-men, gave them places in the middle of the lodge. Opposite stood Que we zan schus, wrapped in his blanket, his head bowed upon his breast, and moving up and down as the Shakers dance, though his hands were quiet. Three fires burned at regular distances from each other, taking the place, so Dr. Prescott said, of three posts, each painted with three stripes of different colors, which are used in summer. At one end of the lodge, wrapped in blankets, and leaning against a stump, was the sick child; at the other,

five medicine-men of different grades, the oldest with a handkerchief tied about his head. He had been scalped by the Sioux, when a young man, on the war-path, and left for dead; but reviving, had crawled into some bushes, where the Ojibways, who had been put to flight, found him. From that time, professing to have entered the spirit world, he devoted himself to the medicine dances, and was now the leader in them.

Four held the sacred rattles, while the fifth, seated in the middle, beat two drums which stood before him, with such energy, that the sweat rolled in great drops down his face. All held medicine-bags: those of the people, who sat in the circle, of weasel-skins, with red beads where the eyes had been, and some charms inside; those of the medicine-men, of mink.

As the Prescotts entered the circle, corn and potatoes had just been passed around, which all were eating. As they finished, the head medicine-man, holding his sacred bag in both hands, and bending very much forward, trotted around the lodge, in a space which had been left for that purpose, saying, "How, how, how!" and followed by the four others, each shaking his bag over the child, as they passed. This

was to clear the lodge of all evil manitous, which might be waiting to take the place of the one they intended to drive out from the child. Then returning to their former places, the head man began a sort of chant, growing louder and louder, spoken very rapidly, and in a language which, the Indians say, only the head men among them know, ending it with the rattle of drums, and the sound of "How, how, how!" from all the people; after which they bowed their heads, and lifted the sacred bags before the medicine-men.

An di so ge zhe coke, who till now had sat still, was lifted to her feet; and a medicine-woman coming forward, the child, taking hold of her blanket, stepped behind her. A row was formed, reaching half the length of the lodge, and made up, first of the medicine-men, and then of all those who meant to become such, each one holding the blanket of the one before him, and all beginning to march very slowly and carefully to the sound of the drums. Harry saw that the woman who led, pushed away even a splinter, if it lay in the path; and before each step looked to see if the ground was clear before her. Three times they went around in this way, faster and faster, shaking the medicine-bags

A medicine dance. See page 192.

at the end of each round, and waiting for the bow and answering "How, how, how!" of the people. Then the drums beat, and the rattles were shaken furiously, and a chant in Ojibway began, in which they said that the road through life, and to the spirit land, had been made clear; that the tender feet could walk over it in the darkness, finding nothing to hurt them, or against which they could stumble; and that if the Master of Life, Gitchee Manitou, so willed it, His child could easily come to Him by the narrow path.

As they sang, Que we zan schus still moved up and down, never raising his head; and when they ended, more corn and potatoes were passed around, even to the Prescotts, who ate with them, in token of good-will. Crooked Arm, as he sat by them, showed a little shell which he held in his hand; and Harry saw that those who had marched around, all held one. Soon Que we zan schus, turning, took from the line all the gifts, and laid them in order on the ground, the whole company marching around them. Then they were lifted, and put about the child in a circle, and again all marched around, dropping into her lap the shell which they had put in their mouths, and picking it

up at the second round. This was done three times; and then the head medicine-man, kneeling down by An di so ge zhe coke, began with her right foot, while the march went on, rubbing it furiously, then patting it gently, and passing to the left one, going in this way over the whole body, ending with her head. As he touched her over the crown, the spot at which the manitou was now passing out, a howl went up from the whole crowd, the sacred bags were pointed towards her, and men and women rising, danced up and down, while the rattles and drums sounded loud; then as suddenly all sank down, and for a moment there was dead silence. Those who had joined in the sacred march, now stood up, and each received a gift from Que we zan schus, the most valuable ones being given to the head medicine-man. Then came the grand feature of all medicine dances: the dogs, which, as a peculiar luxury, are kept for such occasions, and two of which had been made into soup for to-day. Neither Harry nor mamma cared to try it; and as the principal ceremony was over, they went home, astonished to find that they had been there over three hours.

"You saw that Crooked Arm led to-day

once or twice, said papa. "He was initiated last summer, and I saw the whole ceremony."

"I wish you'd tell about that, and your hunt, and everything," said Harry. "You've never told us half you did."

"After all my letters home!"

"But that isn't like telling," persisted Harry. "Tell some to-night, and let's all sit around the fire, as we did before the kerosene came, and you begin at the very beginning, and tell all the nicest parts."

"Well," said papa; and Harry that evening had all his own way. Sozette was sent home early; and drawing around the hearth as night came on, papa began the story you will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE mosquitoes had never been so savage," Dr. Prescott began, "as this particular day in August. They are worse here in summer, Harry, than anything you have ever seen, even in the salt meadows; but, that day, they came in by the thousand. Mrs. Kennedy kept a mosquito bar over her head while she worked, and Mr. Kennedy came up from the mill, saying he couldn't and wouldn't run the saw that day, for he felt as if every drop of blood in his body was going. Tired out with pilling, I went and sat on my bed under the bar, trying to write a letter, and feeling so homesick that, if anybody had asked me, I should have been glad to leave the lake that moment.

"The Kennedys, you know, lived in half of what is now the blacksmith's house, and I had the little room at the back, so dark one can but just see in the brightest day. So I sat there on the bed, watching one big mosquito, which had managed to get under the bar, and was bent upon a bite,

when down the hill came a party of Indians, two of whom had, I knew, been off on a hunt for some days. I caught their word for buffalo, as they went round to the blacksmith's, and jumped up at once. 'Buffalo,' I thought. 'They have not been within two hundred miles of Red Lake for seventeen years, — so they all say, but I'll go and ask what they are talking about.' In the mean time more Indians had come down, and as I went out, a group of some twelve or fifteen were gathered about the forge door.

"'Yes, it's buffalo for sure, this time,' said old Hugh. 'One o' these fellers has brought in a buffalo tongue, and says they're not three days from here. Now's your chance, Doctor. The old chief's band's a-going, and they'll see the Sioux don't get you.'

"Now here was the greatest trouble of that summer: the constant fear of the Sioux coming down upon their deadly enemies, the Ojibways. In winter there is nothing to fear, for the deep snow drifts over the trails, and there are no berries or roots on which war parties could feed. Then, too, the Indians go out singly, or in twos and threes; but in summer, each chief goes off with his band, leaving only

the women, and children, and aged, at home. Mo se mo's band left for the Plains just after I came up, the last of May; but the heavy rains, in June, swelled all the streams, and the old paths were completely flooded. So Ma dwa ga non ind's band stayed at home for two reasons: at first, on account of these floods; and then, at last, to guard the few white people at the lake, for whose lives they were responsible.

"The last of June a stray party of Sioux came down, and though not daring to come near the cluster of wigwams near the lake, killed and scalped a family, who lived alone in the maple woods. The same morning that their bodies were found, an Indian brought in word that a large war party were out, and the old chief told us not to leave our houses after nightfall, and to sleep with doors and windows barricaded. The Sioux, you know, hate the whites as much as the Ojibways, and would have liked our scalps quite as well as those of their old enemies.

"Old Hugh made iron bars for all the doors and windows, and for three or four weeks we were careful to keep in-doors after sunset. This was growing unbearable, though; we all wanted a change, and

I made up my mind at once to go out on this hunt for a few days, if Mr. Kennedy would take his wife down to Leech Lake, as he had talked of doing. This we talked over in the afternoon, and decided upon; and then I went to work to pack up odds and ends, to leave in Hugh's care, and to make ready a hunting-suit. On the breast of my heavy flannel shirt, Mrs. Kennedy sewed a stout canvas pocket, or rather, a piece of canvas with twenty little divisions, each one holding a cartridge. I had my belt and long knife, the rifle slung across my shoulder, and my old rubber army blanket made into a sort of knapsack, and holding a change of clothing, some strong medicines, and the bread and pork Mrs. Kennedy made ready for me; enough to last four days, or till we reached the buffalo, when, of course, there would be plenty to eat. I had no wired mosquito-net to cover head and neck, so Mrs. Kennedy made me a sort of havelock of canvas, covering my forehead and chin, and leaving out only eyes, nose, and mouth. My watch and money I left with old Hugh, for money would be no use on the Plains, and I had no good place to put the watch; and when Kay bay no ten came down next morning, I was all ready for the start.

"'For a man that ain't naterally bad-lookin' you're about the humbliest one I ever did see,' said Mrs. Kennedy, as she bade me good-by, and I think she must have been quite right.

"The morning was delightful, fewer mosquitoes than usual, and a cool breeze blowing from the lake; but when, in an hour or two, we got deeper into the woods, we lost this, and by noon the heat was almost stifling. My rifle and knapsack seemed to weigh a hundred pounds; and when the only Indian on horseback offered to carry the latter for me, I was very glad to let it go, and saw him ride on ahead, not thinking that that was to be my last sight of him for six weeks."

"Then he stole it?" said Harry.

"No, he didn't steal; he only went away with it, for the last of September we met, and he gave back the knapsack in as good order as could be expected, when meat had been shut up in it so long. At noon, as he was too far in advance of us to get at, I shared the old chief's meal of dried fish; and then we pushed on, leaving woods behind us, and striking into the brush. This was hard walking, for no trail was to be seen, and I followed on after the Indians, all walking in file, as they

always do, and seldom speaking. The sun set at last, as we found ourselves near another long line of woods, by which we were to camp, and I looked around for my horseman. No signs of him anywhere; and at last I asked the old chief where he was, and if he had taken a different road. I knew very little Ojibway then, and could but just understand, that the horse could not follow the road we had come over, but had taken another; and that if I went on about two miles, I might find him in a wigwam just made on the edge of this line of woods, by Wan e ding, a young brave, who had taken a wife the week before, and was living now with her, and his old father, in this solitary place.

"'A few pipe-smokes from here, four perhaps,' the old chief said, for this is their way of measuring short distances, one pipe-smoke being about ten minutes' walk. The trail was well marked, and I went on fast, reaching the wigwam in about an hour, and stopping a moment to look at the picture, before I spoke. It stood under a white birch, the bark of which had been partly taken to cover the wigwam. The sparks from the fire, kept burning to drive off mosquitoes, flew up

from the opening at the top, and glanced among the delicate green leaves of the birch. By the fire, his head drooping on his breast, sat the old man, his eyes bent on the coals. His face was quiet and happy, as if pleasant thoughts were going through his mind; and, as I stood there, he raised his head, and through the opening in the wigwam, looked steadily off to the west, as if the happy hunting grounds lay before him. Wan e ding and the young wife were on the other side of the fire, she combing his long hair, and making ready to sew on one of the braids the nine little brass buttons I had always seen him wear.

"As I moved forward a step, the old man sprang up, and came out, gun in hand, recognizing me in a moment, and welcoming me heartily. He had seen nothing of the Indian or pony, however, and I was turning back a little discouraged, when he insisted on my going into the wigwam and eating with them, saying that I could sleep there, and join the other party in the morning. I was too tired to say no, and hungry, too, and the potatoes and dried fish they gave me seemed one of the best meals I had ever eaten. Hot as the day had been, the night was cold, as all nights are in that region; and notwith-

standing the fire, I felt too chilly to sleep, and long after the others were breathing quietly about me, lay, turning first one side and then another, to the fire, and sighing for my blanket.

It must have been nearly midnight, when I was roused from a half sleep by a crackling sound outside the wigwam; and sitting up, listened a moment, lying down again, as I heard nothing more, and shutting my eyes, to open them the next moment on a more horrible sight than even the battle-field had ever given me. Right through the side of the wigwam sprang a tall Indian, battle-axe in hand; and as I sprang to my feet, struck it deep into the brain of the old man lying near me. Another moment: and as I cried out, 'Murder!' changing the half-spoken word to 'Ne po!' the Ojibway for murder, Wan e ding sprang up, and with his knife struck away the tomahawk just descending on his wife's head; not soon enough, though, to prevent its giving her a deep wound in the shoulder as it glanced off. With a yell, the Sioux leaped away into the woods, followed by Wan e ding, who fired twice without hitting him, and then returned, fearful that a party of them were concealed in the woods.

"My little case of surgical instruments was in my pocket, with plaster, and one or two bandages, and with these I bound up the cut shoulder. The old man was past help: he had died almost instantly; and throwing his blanket over the corpse, Wan e ding sat by his side, and mourned till the faint gray light came up in the east, and I started on to tell the others of the dreadful night's work."

"How could you? O, how could you?" said Harry. "They might have killed you too, papa."

"No, my boy! Sioux are not much to be dreaded in the day-time; night is their time for working; but, for all that, it was nervous work, going over that three miles. The old chief was the only one awake when I got into camp; but as soon as he understood what had happened, he sent off three or four to bring in the body, and then held council as to what should be done. The younger Indians were bent upon forming a war party, and giving up the hunt altogether; and though the old chief objected, it was easy to see that he did it because a white man was in his charge, and feared being made accountable for his death. Little more was said; but when, after the morning meal, Nah gou a

gah nabe's brother, and three others, started off together, I knew that it meant a Sioux scalp was to be taken if possible.

"In another hour the first party returned, bringing with them on poles the body of the murdered man, but so covered with green leaves and branches, that there was no thought of death in the burden. Then Ma dwa ga non ind selected five, who were to return to Red Lake, and see that the body was buried with honor. As he talked with them, he laid his own blanket over the leafy bier, and the Indians stood about with bowed heads, as a last mark of respect. Then the five turned into our yesterday's trail, and we pushed on to the northwest.

"By the end of the second day's tramp through swamp and brush, the dried fish had given out, and that night we went to bed supperless, the Indians feeling sure, however, that some game would be killed for breakfast. They were mistaken. Not even a duck showed itself; and we pushed on the third day in the pouring rain, hungry enough to have eaten anything in the shape of food. To-day we crossed several rivers, and it seemed odd enough to see the Indians, as we came to them, walk right on, as if dry land lay before them,

swimming when the water rose above their necks, and walking out and on with streaming clothes, which they did not seem to mind one bit. They laughed at me for stopping to undress, and before the end of the tramp I learned to go through just as they did.

"No signs of buffalo yet, though this was the day we had expected to see them, and we lay down at night hungrier than ever, and I thinking it would be impossible to walk another day without a meal. In the morning we shot two ducks and a small bird, and these were divided among the nine who made up our party: not much for each one, you can see, but it gave a little strength to go on, and that was surely needed for this day's work.

"You remember, Harry, coming up to Leech Lake, the openings in the woods made by tornadoes, and how wild the great roots of the fallen trees looked to you. Now, imagine that your road for half a day, or more, lay through just such places, and that you were either climbing through and over these immense roots, or wading in water always up to your knees, and often to your waist. It was the hardest day's work I have ever done. Even the Indians panted, and said, "Ti yah!"

and when, late in the afternoon, we left this behind us, and came out near a river, I had barely strength to get through it, and refused to go on further that night. Something to eat must be had, and we scoured the banks of the river for an hour. There were no fish in it, and no ducks on it; and when, about eight o'clock, Kay bay no ten came in with two little skunks, I was ready to eat every bit of both."

"Papa, you never did!" Harry said. "You couldn't. I never knew that anybody would."

"I did, and could, sir; and, as I said, wanted them both. The meat is tender, and tastes very much like rabbit; and though, at most times, one could hardly be tempted to try it, I even chewed the bone, to get every possible bit of food, in the mean time drying my dripping clothes by the fire. My feet were swollen and blistered by my heavy boots, and the old chief, seeing how they looked, gave me a pair of his own moccasins, saying that white men's moccasins were good for nothing, and I had better throw them away. I didn't follow his advice, however, but kept them for a change, when the thin skin of my new ones should be worn out.

"Only one day now lay between us and

the Plains, where game of some sort was always to be found; and so, though we must go on without breakfast next morning, we started on early in better spirits than before. Toward noon we came once more to another forest upside-down, through which we must crawl; and here, for the first time, I lagged behind. Faint and dizzy from want of food, I stumbled often, and at last it seemed as if a separate effort were required for each step, and the blood must be pumped down into my feet, before life enough could be gained to carry them forward. So far I have said nothing of the mosquitoes, swarming all the time; but in this half wood, half swamp, so thick, that you, who have never seen Minnesota mosquitoes, would hardly believe what I could tell you of them: they were a cloud about us. My face was swollen and bleeding from the continual stings, and my whole body seemed so on fire, that it was a relief sometimes to put my head under water, and escape them for a moment. Half wild with the pain, I covered face and hands, at last, with clay, as the Indians had done, this serving the double purpose of soothing the smart, and keeping off fresh blood-suckers.

"At last this dreadful labor ended. We

climbed the last root, and came out on the open plains of Pembina, separated from us only by a river. By the shore of this I sat down, too exhausted to go another step. The trail now was well marked, and as I knew the Indians would camp near a wood I saw some miles distant, I told them to go on, and let me follow by and by. They objected a little, but soon went on; and I sat under a tree, eating a root of the wild potato the old chief had given me, thinking that to-night, at last, we should have plenty to eat, for there were traces of deer all about; and while I sat there, I heard the crack of a rifle, and knew we were certain of something for supper.

"As I sat still, holding my aching feet in the water, a rabbit ran down towards the shore. I fired and hit it, and was just getting up to kill at once the poor little thing, which lay there struggling, when I heard a soft step behind me. Supposing it one of our own Indians, I hardly turned as I pointed to the rabbit, but a moment's glance showed me he was an entire stranger. He was shorter than most of these Red Lake Indians, but I had not seen Sioux enough then to know the difference between them and Ojibways. As I turned, he made a spring and lunge at me with

his knife, which I threw up with my gun, and fired at once at him, shouting at the same time, loud as I could yell, to our Indians, who were now out of sight. I had not hit him; but as he leaped away into the wood, from which it seemed to me I heard voices, I fired again, and wounded him in the arm, which dropped by his side. Evidently thinking that a party were with me, he ran on; and now I saw, from the fringed skin leggins he wore, that he was a Sioux.

"For a minute my courage was almost gone. Then I walked into the river, and down its bed, fast as I could, to the roots of a great tree growing there, and almost gone to decay. The trunk was hollow for a little way up, though this you could not know till right under the roots, which were partly covered with water. In the shelter of these I crouched, my back against the back of the hollow trunk, and only my nose and eyes above water. My gun I loaded first, — it carried seven balls, you know, — and I had determined, if attacked, to sell my life dearly. Then I pushed it up into the hollow of the tree, that it might be kept dry; plastered my face anew with the river clay, and crouching, as I have said, under the roots, waited and watched.

"In the shelter of these roots I crouched." See page 210.

"I had barely settled myself here, when, from the wood we had left a little while before, crept out cautiously five Indians, one tall one seeming to me the murderer of the old man. From the way they pointed to the northwest, I knew they saw one of our Indians, and a moment after, as I heard again the crack of a rifle, they retreated into the wood.

"It seemed an hour before they once more came out, this time walking boldly down to the river, and across to the trail, plainly marked as I have told you. I saw them examine it, and then cross again to the place where I had been sitting, and where I had dropped my handkerchief. This they picked up, and there was a noisy talk over it; then they separated, two going down one side of the river, and two the other, while the wounded man sat under the same tree where I had rested. Twice they climbed over the very tree under which I lay hidden. I felt no fear; only an intense watchfulness, as I kept one hand on my rifle, and waited, expecting each moment to be discovered. Flashes of light seemed to pass before my eyes, and I felt that I should never die in their hands. I stooped there, hardly breathing, hours it seemed, till the Indians

had gone over every inch of the shore. The only sign of trail, I knew, was that by which we had come; and that they dared not follow on, lest they should meet our party. For a few moments they talked together as they joined the wounded man, and looked again up and down the river. Then, shouldering their guns, they went swiftly down the shore, following its course far as I could see. I knew they were not likely to return, and though I still kept my place, thanked God that they had gone on, and that, thus far, He had given me my life. Don't cry Harry, boy, we are all safe here together."

"I know it, papa," said Harry, whose head lay in mamma's lap; "but how can I help crying a little, just thinking what a dreadful time you had. What if they had found you?"

Mamma shivered.

"There, there," said Dr. Prescott. "I must stop, if you feel so. This is the last of the bad troubles. There was no more dreadful danger, only little, small dangers, out of which we came well enough."

"You didn't come out from under the tree right away, did you?" Harry asked.

"No, my boy. I didn't know but that more Sioux might be in the wood, and so

I kept my place, till, from weariness, and hunger, and excitement, I felt myself growing faint. It was late twilight then. I could see or hear nothing of the Sioux, and after raising my head very carefully higher and higher, ready, at a sound, to draw back, I rose up gradually, so numb and stiff I could hardly stir, and waded down stream to the trail. I had a little flask of brandy in one pocket, which I had been saving for great need, and now, if ever, seemed the time to use it. I drank half, and then pushed on, just dragging one foot after another. There was more water, and swamp, and roots, but I went through it with good courage, for friends and plenty to eat were getting nearer and nearer, and about midnight I got into camp, and fell by the fire, so used up, I did not even want to eat. There were plenty of rabbits now, and they had some already roasted, and waiting for me. Old Que we zan schus had spread branches for my bed, and Kay bay no ten stretched my soaked moccasins, and dried them before the fire. He had seen the five Indians, and known they were Sioux; but being alone, kept at a safe distance, thinking all the time I was with the others. He dried my clothes while I bathed in the little

lake close by, having first made a 'smudge,' to keep off mosquitoes, and then I lay down on my branch-bed, and slept as you did, Harry, your first night at Red Lake, sounder if anything.

"Next day we saw one solitary buffalo far off on the plain, but nobody caught up with him; and that afternoon the Indians, who had gone back to bury the old man, came up to us, and said a large party of Sioux were between us and Red Lake, and that we were not strong enough in numbers to give them battle. There was then nothing to do but to go on, and return to Red Lake in some other way. So on we went toward Wild Rice River, and the seventh day out I shot my first elk; the first one, too, killed by our party. You saw the great horns at the Agency, Harry, and can think how the elk looked to me, as I lay behind a bush, and took aim. I had crept up through the long grass, — stalking, it is called, — very slowly and carefully, keeping my eye all the time on this elk, one of half a dozen feeding together; and when, as the smoke from my rifle cleared away, I saw him stagger and fall, it seemed almost a wicked thing to have killed the beautiful creature. After that, though, I had the true 'hun-

ter's fever,' and brought down my deer whenever I could. Those horns were my greatest difficulty, for I carried them all the way, determined to get them home some day; and they went up to Georgetown on the Red River, and then down toward Fort Abercrombie. I did not see the face of a white man for six weeks after we left Georgetown."

"Did you hunt all the time, papa?" Harry asked.

"Yes, hunted and ate. I never knew before what could be done in that way. An elk would be brought in and skinned. Kay bay no ten's wife, the only squaw in the party, generally did this, and cut up the animal. Each one took what he liked, roasted it on a stick, and when the outside had cooked a little, eat that off, and then roasted the rest, smoking between times. We took from ten to fifteen meals a day in this way, drying what was not eaten, and packing it to take home. They cut the meat in strips, and hung it on poles, where it soon dried. Meat never decays in this clear northern air, but dries up."

"Didn't you get sick, papa?"

"Not a bit of it. In fact, I was never better in my life, and grew as brown as I did fat, so that when we came in sight of

Fort Abercrombie in September, nobody could have told me from a real Indian, except by my beard. There were wandering parties of Sioux all about, and when we came up to the fort, the sentinel at first ordered us off; and then, when he heard me speak English, said, 'No half-bloods could come in, for they were just as bad as Indians.'

"I wrote my name on a leaf of my note-book, and got him to take it in, and very soon found myself face to face with the old General. I had been through a region where no white man had gone before, or, at any rate, no white man had ever come back to give report of that wild country, and they all wondered to see me alive. I had no clothes, you know; but one lent me a hat, and another a coat, and so on; and after a day or two of resting, I started on to St. Cloud, and then up to the Agency. At the fort I bought crackers and pork for the Indians who had been so kind to me, and who returned home by way of White Earth Lake, killing just one buffalo."

"There's more," said Harry, as his father stopped. "About the quaking-bog, and Kay bay no ten's pony running right into the wigwam, and knocking Mrs. Kay bay no ten into the ashes; and about that

pretty Indian girl at Georgetown that offered to marry you, and make all your skins into moccasins; and O, papa, about that Indian that put a deer's skin and horns on to himself, and went right into a whole herd."

"You know all I have to tell, it seems," said papa; "so, Harry, I think this will do for to-night."

CHAPTER X.

"TELL me a story this evening, papa," said Harry; and Dr. Prescott, who had laid down the book he had been reading, some moments before, said, "What about?"

"O, an Indian story; one of those Aiken told you the other day, and that I don't know."

"Well," said Dr. Prescott, after thinking a minute, "here is a little one."

"Then if it's little I shall want two," interrupted Harry. "Will you tell two?"

"Perhaps," said papa, and began.

"Long, long ago when the animals ruled the earth, they had eaten up almost everybody but a little boy and girl, who lived in the depths of a thick wood, so tangled and twisted, that the big animals were caught if they tried to get in, and the little ones stayed away, because they were afraid they might be.

"The boy truly was little; so little, that his sister hardly ever dared leave him alone, lest some big bird should swoop down and carry him off. So they stayed

in the wigwam together, till, by and by, the animals growing tired of that part of the world, went away altogether, to see if there were not a better place, and more people to eat. Then the sister determined to go out, and look for wood, day after day, till she had brought home great piles of it for the winter fire. She made for the little boy a bow and some arrows; showed him how to use them, and then said, —

"'Sit in the door of the wigwam, and when the snow-birds come to pick worms from the logs, shoot one.'

"All day the little boy sat there, shooting away every arrow, but never hitting one bird; and at night, when the sister came home, she found him very angry at his bad luck. She picked up the arrows and said, —

"'Never mind. To-morrow you can go outside the lodge, since I see nothing which can hurt you.'

"So the next day, when the sister had gone for wood, the little boy hid behind a brier-bush, and soon shot a snow-bird, which he showed to his sister at night.

"'Skin it,' he said, 'and stretch the skin.'

"So the sister skinned it, and bending a twig into a circle, fastened the little skin

upon it, and hung it up to dry. Then they boiled the body and ate it, and this was the first meat ever cooked and eaten in the world. The next day the little boy shot another, and so on for ten days, when there were ten little skins hanging in the wigwam.

"'Now sew them together, and make me a little coat,' said he.

"The sister sewed them, and soon the little boy had a beautiful coat, which he wore everywhere. One skin was left though, for nine made a very large coat.

"As he grew bolder, he went farther and farther from home, and one day found a pretty knoll where the snow had melted, and being tired, lay down and slept. While he slept the Sun, who is always very inquisitive, came so close to look at him, that the bird-skin coat was singed and shriveled up, till good for nothing. The little boy stamped and raged, when he woke up and found the coat pinching him tight.

"'O you Sun! you are Ke-ko-pat-tis; you are a fool!' he cried. 'I will teach you to let me alone.'

"Then he ran home very angry, and told his sister, who came bending under a great load of wood.

"'Give me a noose,' he said, 'I must catch that impudent Sun,' and he showed her the coat, and stamped again as he told the story. The sister looked through the wigwam, and brought him at last a piece of thread-like root, such as canoes are sewed with.

"'Kah, kah; no, no,' he said; 'I will not have that.'

"Then the sister went back, and cut the tenth bird skin into strips, and twisted a snare.

"'Kah, kah,' he said again; 'I will not have that.'

"Angry herself a little, at having so much trouble for nothing, the sister went outside the wigwam, and soon had a thought. She pulled out some of her own long hair, and braided it into a long cord, which she took in to the brother, who pulled it fast through his hands, to try the strength, and then coiled it around his neck.

"'Now I must fast,' he said, 'for this is what I wanted,' and he laid down on his right side, and never stirred for ten days.

"The tenth day he turned over to his left side, and there he laid ten days longer. On the twentieth day, long before the first signs of daylight were seen in the sky, he stood up and said, —

"'Now I am going to snare the Sun,' and went out.

"Soon he came to the knoll, where the Sun had first singed him, and, setting his snare here, sure enough, at sunrise, the Sun, which always touched this spot first on his way up, was caught and held tight. Now there were times, for the animals had started back to their old home, and wondered why there was no light. At last the Weasel, the sharpest of all, discovered the noose, and going back, told what he had seen. In the meantime, the Sun pulled at the noose, but could not escape. The animals talked together, and by and by the Dormouse, who at that time was much bigger than a mountain, said that this noose must be gnawed apart, and who would do it? Not one was brave enough, and the little boy laughed to himself where he lay hidden. But soon he laughed no longer, for the Dormouse, being angry at the others, who were afraid, went nearer and nearer himself, and at last began to gnaw. As he gnawed, the Sun pulled, and so helped him, but the heat, strong as many fires in one, burned his back, and burned and burned it, till it shrunk away and fell in ashes, and when the Sun at last was free, and rose with a bound to his

place, the Dormouse was no longer than your finger, and to this day is the tiniest animal in the world.

"The little boy said,—

"'If my sister's shining black hair cannot hold the Sun, nothing can;' and he went home to shoot snow-birds, for this business he knew all about. Soon he had ten more skins, and the sister made him a new coat; this time he kept away from the Sun, so that to this day 'tis unharmed, and he still wears it."

"That is a nice story," said Harry, who had listened, hardly stirring. "Now can't you tell just one more?"

"I will tell one for you and mamma both," Dr. Prescott answered. "Do you remember, Mary, the lonely grave we saw near Gibe way shis, yesterday. There is a story connected with that, which I heard from Mrs. Ayre, last fall, and have always meant to tell you. You have not seen the site of the old mission yet, but the snow is going so fast that you soon can. 'Tis on the other side of the little river we cross going down to Little Rock, and very near the lake. There is where they built their log houses twenty years ago."

"Where are they now?" Harry asked.

"Burned down, after they left, by some

bad young Indians," said Dr. Prescott, "but till then there was quite a settlement; three families of missionaries, who came here by way of Lake Superior; a long, weary journey indeed, and a lonely ending at Red Lake.

"They built houses at once, however, and before a year had passed, were comfortably settled and working in all ways hard as they could. The Indians, at first a little doubtful as to what was to be done, consented finally that their children should be taught to read and write and even to work a little, laying out their gardens, hoeing and digging, and the missionaries hoped strongly that in time the whole land might be civilized. Habit and tradition were too strong for them however. Work of any sort, save that involved in hunting, degrades a warrior, and the few who took tools provided, and imitated the white man's ways, were considered as not worthy the name of Indian. Still the children were allowed to learn, as a favor to the missionaries, whose hearts often grew heavy, thinking how little could be done.

"Years went on, and the children whom they had taught grew up into young men and women. Among them was one who had dropped her Indian name and been

baptized as Hannah, and who had never returned to her wigwam life, but lived on with one of the missionaries, whom she loved and trusted entirely. Her mother had died years before, and her brothers were warriors, who were always on the war path, or hunting. Her father, too, was a famous warrior, and it went to his heart that a daughter of his should leave the faith of her own people. He was one of the very few who hated the missionaries, and believed they were doing harm continually, but Hannah, though she loved him, could never be influenced against them. She talked often of how beautiful the life must be where all were Christians, and begged the missionaries to take her with them if they went away; but until she was nearly twenty, there was no change, and the little band worked on, expecting to live and die there.

"At last one of their number, who had been in failing health a long time, determined to go for a little while to his old home in Oberlin, Ohio; and now Hannah urged that she should be taken too, so strongly, that at last they promised to let her go, if her father would say she might. The old man refused at once, but after long and persistent urging, relented so far

as to say she might go, but that if anything happened to her while absent, the missionaries should be held responsible. 'Tis a law among the Indians, that if a member of a family be killed, whether by accident or design, that the nearest relative must avenge the death; and the missionaries knew, that should Hannah die, among strangers, the tribe would justify her father in killing those whom they would say had persuaded her to leave them. She was urged not to go, but nothing could induce her to remain at Red Lake, and though Mr. Brent started without her, at Cass Lake she appeared, and went on, so happy in the prospect of seeing "all Christians," that no one urged her return.

"Months went by, and letters came now and then from Hannah as well as Mr. Brent, telling of her delight in being where people thought of the "Great Spirit" all the time, and of her perfect happiness in going to church and Sunday-school. Then there was a long silence, and the father, who came to question them about his daughter whenever letters were brought in, scowled darkly as he met them, and they grew more and more anxious to hear. At last came a letter from Mr. Brent. You can think how eagerly it was opened,

and how the faces paled as they read that Hannah had suddenly been taken ill, and died within a few days.

"'When she knew she must die,' he wrote, 'I said to her: "It is well with you, Hannah, but O! what shall be done about the teachers there? Your father will surely kill them. Why did you ever leave him?" She lay quiet a few minutes and then said: "I do not think I was wrong; nothing speaks to my heart to tell me that I was. I shall say much to the Spirit about it," and indeed she did say much, for till within an hour of her death, she hardly ceased to pray that her father's heart might be turned away from any thought of revenge. At the last she took my hand, smiling, and said, "Do not be afraid for the teachers; they will not die; Jesus has told me so. Write to them not to be afraid.'"

"The missionaries talked long together before they could decide what to do. At last they determined to speak of her death to those who had known her, and when her father returned from the hunt, to send for him and read the letters, in which were messages for him and her brothers. A month went by before he returned, but some one, met on the trail, had told him, and he came in raging, vowing that one at

least should die. He painted himself for the war-path; put on all his scalp-feathers, and with tomahawk and scalping-knife, went to the mission. The missionaries had gone that day to cut logs for the mill, and only the women and children were at home.

"'When we saw him,' said Mrs. Ayre, who told me the story, 'we looked for nothing but death, and yet, strange as it may seem, I never felt calmer. I went on with my sewing for a moment, and then, looking quietly at him, said, "What do you want, Kay bay gwa?"

"'"My daughter. Where is she?"

"'"The Great Spirit has taken her. She has gone home. Do you want me to read you all that we know about her?"

"'I took the letter from the table and read it to him, without waiting for an answer. The veins in his forehead swelled, and his eyes glared, they told me, but he did not speak till I had finished. Then he said, — "You are murderers; if you had never come, the child would have stayed with her own people and lived. You are murderers, but I shall not kill you yet. I shall listen to the voice of the Great Spirit, and do as it wills." He went away then, and that night, Leading Feather told us he

had gone off several miles to keep a fast alone, and find out what he ought to do. They believe, you know, that if they keep a fast faithfully, the Great Spirit speaks to their souls, and tells them all they desire to know.

"'So we waited three days, not knowing what would happen, but believing the prayer of that dying child was stronger than the savage instinct of her father, and the third evening he came silently as we sat together, and stood among us.

"'"I shall not kill you," he said; and there were great drops of sweat on his forehead as he spoke. "I shall not kill you, for last night, as I sat alone in the lodge, the Great Spirit spoke to my mind and told me to leave you unharmed. I do it, for the child loved you, but you are murderers. Kay bay gwa has spoken."'

"'And was there no more trouble?' I asked.

"'None,' said Mrs. Ayre. 'He never spoke to us again or indeed came near us, but when we left Red Lake finally, came silently and shook hands. He died shortly after, and I think often that his dreadful conflict against his own savage nature was a victory that may have given him a better entrance into those "many mansions"

than we know of. He was an Indian and a heathen, but who shall say that the All-merciful had not a place for him after all?'"

CHAPTER XI.

"JUST a little story this evening, papa," Harry said, a week or two after he had heard about 'The Boy who set a Snare for the Sun.' "Tell some more about the missionaries. I've been over the brook to-day, looking at the place they used to live at. What a shame the Indians burned all the houses down."

"It was the boys who did that," said Dr. Prescott. "The men were sorry, all of them, I think. Have I never told you about Mr. Ayre's sermon?"

"No," said Harry, "I hope it ain't anything real sorry, like that about Kay bay gwa. I don't want to hear it to-night if it is."

"No," said papa, "I don't think you'll call it a sorry story, and if you do, I can tell you a very gay one to make up for it. I have one all ready."

"Save it for the last, papa, and I hope it's long."

"Well," said papa, "then I will tell first

about the missionaries, who had been here about three years when this happened. There were then several converts among the women, but these and all the rest stole continually, and the children too, so that whenever they came to the teachers' houses, somebody had to watch all the time, very much as we do now. It was doubly an evil for them, because then, you know, every article had to be brought on the backs of men, and supplies could only come once or twice a year, and the thieving was done so skillfully, that they were hardly ever certain just who to charge with it. At last it could be borne no longer, and when the only remaining auger disappeared from the mill where they had been working, and the keg of nails was found to have been skillfully tapped, Mr. Ayre determined to make a personal application in the sermon he was preparing for the next Sunday, and accordingly urged, even harder than usual, that as many should come as the room would hold.

"Sunday came; a fair spring day, and not only were the women and children in their usual places, but all around the room squatted the older men, — chiefs, braves, and old hunters; fresh paint on their

faces; hair shining with fish oil; the gayest blankets and finest bead-work, and all with the pipe they would have smoked steadily had not Mr. Ayre made special request that they would not. Many of the women had by this time learned to sing the hymns which had been translated into Ojibway, and as they joined with the missionaries in the sweet old tunes, the Indians listened with great satisfaction. A little, a very little, stir was perceptible, as Mr. Ayre slowly and solemnly gave out his text, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Every eye was fixed steadily on him as he went on, telling them in the simplest and most forcible words he could use, of the guilt and meanness of taking what is not one's own, and how fully the Bible showed them the wrong of such a course.

"'You are honest with one another,' he said. 'Whether you are Christians or not, I go by your lodges and see them left with only a pine bough across the door, and yet all respect that sign, and would be ashamed to steal from the one who had left it unguarded. You teach your children not to steal from one another. Why then do you steal from us? We come among you only to do you good. We have left our homes and our own kindred behind us.

We are alone here with you, trying to show you the right way to heaven; trying to make you do as the Great Spirit wishes. Some of you are really His children, and wish to obey Him, but do you do this when you take from us the little we have? Is there not some one here this very day, who has stolen, perhaps often?'

"Looking about as he spoke, Mr. Ayre paused a moment, never dreaming an answer would be given, but simply stopping to give his words more effect, when, right before him, uprose the old chief.

"Ma dwa ga non ind, tall and stately and wrapping his blanket closer about him, said, slowly, —

"'Who is there here who has not stolen? Let my children speak to the teacher if there is one who has not, or let them tell what they have taken.'

"There was a murmur through the whole assembly. Then an old woman near the door stood up, and in her cracked and shaking voice, said, —

"'I have stolen many times, but everything is now gone. Here, though, is one needle I took yesterday, when my hand had no thought in it;' and coming forward, she laid the needle on Mr. Ayre's desk, while he with difficulty kept from smiling. Then came a buzz of confessions.

"'I have taken a gimlet;' 'I have many times stolen thread and pins;' 'I have taken away at night the young peas and beans;' 'I have taken the auger, but shall bring it back to-morrow.'

"'Now you are nearer right, my friends,' said Mr. Ayre at last, when there was silence. 'Bring back what you have taken, and resolve never to steal again. The Great Spirit forgives all who repent of wrong-doing and try to do better, and He will forgive you.'

"'Ho! Ho!' said all together, — their strongest sign of approval, and so the sermon ended.

"The next morning a crowd of men, women, and children, were at the missionaries' doors, each one bearing some stolen thing, or the substitute for it; from a pin up to a sack of potatoes, and from that time, save in a very few instances, their property remained untouched.

"Would a white congregation have been as ready to make restitution, even if they had been equally impressed?"

"Are any of them alive now?" asked Harry, as his father finished. "I'd like to see the old woman that gave back the needle."

"She is dead long ago, I suppose, but

many who were children then will remember it. Gib e way she's wife was one, and Nah gon a gah nabe, and a good many others."

"I wish I could talk Ojibway well enough to ask just how they felt," Harry went on. "Now, papa, tell the other story. Did Aikin tell it to you?"

"Yes," said Dr. Prescott. "He told it, just as he heard an Indian repeat it at the trading post. 'Tisn't a very long one."

"It's nice any way, if he told it, papa. I never heard him tell any but first-rate stories. Now go on and tell it just as long as you can."

"Far off in the woods," papa began, smiling, "lived all alone an Indian mother, with only her baby and one little dog for company. Lonely, you would think, but that she never was. All the time when in the wigwam she talked to the baby and dog, and all the time when out of it, she talked to herself, and so the days went by, and the baby was almost old enough to take off from the board to which he had been tied ever since he was born.

"One morning, the mother, who was going into the forest for wood, felt something which told her that trouble was in the air, and the *Mudgee* Manitous, or bad

spirits at work. At first she determined to stay at home, but the day was cold and the fire almost out. So she swung the cradle back and forth, till the baby slept, and then called the little dog, who was stronger than the spirits of the air, and whose name was Manitou Pe wau bik, Spirit Iron.

"'Take care of your brother,' she said. 'Bark if I am wanted, and soon I shall return,' and she walked swiftly into the forest.

"Now it was not the Mudgee Manitous who were brewing mischief this morning, but an evil old woman, known as Mu kah ke Min de mo ya, or the Toad-woman. For a long time she had watched the solitary wigwam, waiting for the day to come, when she might steal the baby and bring him up as her own. Why she wanted to do this, you will soon know.

"Hardly had the mother lost sight of the wigwam, when she heard the dog barking fiercely. She ran back, but dog and child were gone; only some fragments of the wampum with which the cradle had been covered, lay on the floor, proving there had been a struggle. A tuft of bear's hair told who had done this, for the Toad-woman was sister to all bears, and wore their skins about her. The mother hur-

ried off over the western trail, leading, she knew, to the Toad-woman's lodge. As she ran, she passed many wigwams where very old women lived alone. Each one gave her magic moccasins to wear, telling her when she reached the next lodge, to get a fresh pair, and set the others on the trail, the toes pointing homewards, when they would return of themselves. This she did, but for all her speed many winters came and went before she reached the Far West and saw the Toad-woman's lodge. Here, the last grandmother had directed her to build a wigwam of cedar boughs, and to then make a little bark dish and fill it with grape-juice, when by this means her son would find her out.

"All this the mother did, and then watched the Toad-woman's lodge. Soon she saw her son, now a tall young man, going out to hunt, followed by Spirit Iron. And now you will know why the Toad-woman had stolen him. It was to make him a great hunter, so that bear's meat might always be plenty in her lodge, for she loved nothing in the world so much as bear's meat, and yet, as she was sister to them, could never kill one without losing her own life.

"The young hunter walked on, but the

dog who, like all dogs, continually ran into every queer corner he could find, soon saw the mother's wigwam, and the little bark dish from which he drank. At once his eyes were opened; he remembered the past, and could plan for the future, and now, without stopping to speak to the mother, he rose up on his hind legs, and walking like a man, went after his young master, who stopped in surprise as he came up. Soon he had heard the story, but could not believe it."

"'Tis a stranger, and no mother of mine,' he said. 'She deceives you, Spirit Iron.'

"Still the dog persisted, and the young man, to satisfy him, promised to visit the new lodge. Returning home at night with much meat, he said, while eating, —

"'Let some of this meat be sent to the stranger.'

"At once the Toad-woman sent one of her children with a large piece, which she had first bewitched, thus making it so bitter and disagreeable, that the mother threw it away into the bushes, and sat waiting for her son, who would come, she knew. Soon he was before her, but listened coldly and with many doubts to the story.

"'Ah, my son,' the mother said at last with tears, 'you believe neither me nor

Spirit Iron. Here are pieces from the wampum of your cradle, broken off by your brother in his struggle with the Toad-woman. Now go home and ask to see it, and you will then know my tongue has not lied.'

"The young man put the pieces of blue, shining wampum in his bosom, and went home with Spirit Iron, who encouraged him all the way. As they entered, the Toad-woman knew at once where they had been, but said nothing, for she thought 'This woman can never take him from me;' and the young man sat down and thought how he should manage to see the cradle. By and by an idea came, and leaning heavily on Spirit Iron, he pretended to be very sick. At first the Toad-woman paid no attention, but as he rolled and groaned, asked at last what she could do for him.

"'Show me my cradle,' he said, 'and that will cure me.'

"The Toad-woman went out, and soon returned with a cedar cradle.

"'No, that is not mine,' he said; 'I am worse than before;' and he groaned so terribly that the Toad-woman brought, one after the other, four cradles which had belonged to her four children.

"'None of these are mine,' he said, 'I shall soon die;' and he groaned again and seemed to faint, till the old woman, very much frightened, brought in a cradle of wampum, and handed him.

"'This is mine,' he said, for the shining wampum was the same; and there, on the edge, were the marks of Spirit Iron's teeth.

"'I am better now,' he said, and then lay still, thinking what next to do. To get away from the Toad-woman was the next thing, and to do this a very fat bear must be killed. Spirit Iron knew where such a one was to be found, and the next day showed his young master, who killed it after a dreadful battle, and then stripping off the bark and branches from the tallest pine-tree he could find, set the bear on the very top, with his nose to the east, and his tail to the west. Then he went home and said, —

"'Mother, I have a fine fat bear for you, but 'tis at the end of the world.'

"'Not so far off but that I can find it,' said the old woman, and she set off in great glee. As soon as she was out of sight, the young man and Spirit Iron blew a strong breath in the faces of the four children, who were every one bad spirits, and at

once life left them. Spirit Iron then put a long strip of bear's fat in the mouth of each, and setting them up against the side of the lodge, started with the mother and son for their old home.

"In the meantime, the Toad-woman had with the greatest difficulty, and after many times sliding down the smooth tree before she could reach the top, succeeded in getting the bear, and now came joyfully home, to find the lodge empty and her children dead. Full of fury, she set out at once to overtake the fugitives, and was fast gaining on them, when Spirit Iron, breathing on the ground, whispered, 'Snake-berry.'

"At once the snake-berry spread before her; and the old woman, who loved them as well as she did fat bear, stooped to pick and eat, and though she wished to go on, could never resist the bright red berries. There she is to this day, tangled in snake-berry vines, and always eating, while the young man and his mother and Spirit Iron live peacefully in the wood where we first saw them."

CHAPTER XII.

"BAPTISTE is at the warehouse door, with his pony train, mamma," Harry said, coming in one day in March. "There's such a queer-looking long bundle on the train, and Ma dwa ga non ind, and a lot of other Indians are out there, too. Do come and see what it is. Where's papa?"

"He went to Gib e nay she's wigwam to look at his frozen foot," mamma said, laying down her work. "Here is Georgy; he can tell us perhaps."

Georgy ran in, holding the warehouse key in his hand.

"My father gone away," he said, "and I open door for dead man."

"For *what?*" said Harry, drawing back a little.

"Very old dead man," Georgy went on. "He two grandfathers for Besh quay: three, maybe. Come see me open door."

"What *does* he mean?" said Harry. "How can anybody be most three grandfathers?"

"He means that the old man was Besh

quay's great-grandfather, I suppose," mamma said, putting on a shawl and going out with the two children. "When did he die, Georgy?"

"Not know — much," Georgy answered. "Two — three day, maybe. Not die good way. Die coz he son not come home. He not have plenty eat for coz the woman take it away."

"Do you mean he starved to death?" said mamma.

"That's it," answered Aiken, who had come up to them. "I'll tell you all about it ma'am, in a minute. I'll stop in when I come back from Josance's," and he went on down the hill.

The warehouse stood some distance back from the other government buildings, on a little rise of ground, almost a hill, and was used at payment time, as a place for the annuity goods, flour, and the like. In winter it was empty, save the canoes which the Indians brought and piled up there, to protect them from the weather. These, and some nets, Harry saw on one side, as the door opened, but all his attention now was fixed on the train, where lay the dead Indian, bound in birch bark, a cap drawn over the face, and tied on his breast, a blanket, and a roll of bark. As he looked,

the old chief stepped forward, and taking his own blanket from his shoulders, threw it over the corpse, the women at the same time beginning a death wail, melancholy and piercing, which ceased as Ma dwa ga non ind lifted the blanket again. Two Indians untied the cords which bound the body to the train, and carrying it into the warehouse, laid it on a blanket in one corner. Baptiste drove swiftly away: the door was locked, and the Indians sat down in a half-circle on the snow, and lighting their pipes, smoked silently. Their faces were blackened, and the women sat with their blankets drawn over their heads, and now and then broke into the wail for a moment.

"Why didn't they put him in the ground where the others are buried?" Harry asked, as they went slowly back to the house.

"I don't know," mamma said, "unless because the ground was frozen so hard. Mr. Aiken can tell you."

"Look over toward the trading-post," said Aiken, who had come up. "See that smoke? Well, that's where they've got fires burning to soften the ground: by to-morrow morning they'll have a grave ready. They won't keep him out of the

ground longer'n they can help, fur yer see his sperrit carn't start for the other side till he's buried."

"What made them put him in the warehouse?" said Harry. "Why didn't they leave him in his own wigwam?"

"Indian dogs might a got at him," said Aiken. "They're fierce sometimes. Don't s'pose the daughter-in-law would a cared much, but the son would, an' so Baptiste took him up here."

"Who is it?" said Dr. Prescott; who had just come in.

"Nobody you ever see, I reckon," Aiken went on. "He was a big warrior once. Pe dosh ah nish ka, was his name. That means, He-comes-in-a-canoe. He'd a good row o' scalps too. He was older'n old Kah wis kiniky, and he's nigh a hundred. Most all his relations was dead too, only this one son that was most too old himself to go off hunting. There was this woman, an' she was pretty old too. There was a lot of 'em, but you see they got killed on the war path, a good while ago. They lived down to Big Rock, nine mile away I guess, an' the son went off on his hunt, an' lef the old man for this woman to see to. Most ginerally they're pretty good to their old people, but this woman always seemed

to have a grudge agin him, sence her two sons was scalped by the Sioux an' he come home alive, an' kep' livin' along. So after the son's been gone a day or two, maybe, she just chops a little wood, so's to say she'd left him some, an' she gives him some parched corn and starts off. He thought she was goin' after fish or somethin', an' staid contented enough by the fire, but when night come, an' he all alone, he began to think. He couldn't help himself, you see, for when he come back from that last war-path, one o' his sides was cut an' slashed all to pieces most, and sort of drew up, so 'twarn't no use to him.

"Well, he managed to pull in a little more wood from outside, an' rolled up in his blanket. He'd eaten the last o' the corn, coz he thought she'd be along with more, an' there he went without five days. Then Nee chee just happened to go by, goin' off on a hunt, an' thought it queer there warn't no smoke, so he looked in, an' there was the old man, jest most gone. Nee chee give him corn, an' built a fire, an' the old man brightened up some, an' told him what I've been tellin' you, an' then he jest died, without another word. The woman's down to Cass Lake, an' the son don't know a word about it. He'd a

died pretty soon anyway, an' 'twarn't no use to hurry him so. They've hunted up the relations, all there is; an' the old chief, he'll see that they keep the fire burnin'."

"What for?" said Harry.

"O, so's to light him to the spirit-land," said Aiken. "Keep him warm too. It'll be seven days, you see, after he's buried, afore his soul you know gets to the river where it goes over the pole, an' so they keep a fire burnin', an' put plenty to eat in the grave. If they didn't, he'd come back, rovin' among the lodges, an' do all the harm he could. It's all the same, whether they bury 'em, or stick 'em up in the air. There's got to be some sort o' doins to keep 'em quiet, an' I guess that's the way mostly, everywhar. I remember the time when they used to put most of 'em up on a sort of scaffold, nine or ten feet high, maybe, an' let 'em go to bones in the air. The Sioux an' some o' the rest does it now, but Ojibways bury their dead mostly."

"But this is a case of actual murder," said Dr. Prescott. "Can nothing be done to punish this woman?"

"Well, no," Aiken answered slowly. "The old chief's mad. He's gettin' into years, himself, you see, an' ain't likely to be

pleased, thinkin' there's any chance they'll serve him so. 'Taint likely though, for his daughters is good kind o' women as squaws go, an' his son thinks a heap of him. He says her tongue ought ter be slit; but she'll stay to Cass Lake till it's all blown over, an' there won't be a word, you'll see. They're all goin' into birch camp pretty soon, anyway, an' then you'll have an easy, lonesome time, six weeks an' more. Come, I'll tell you what birch camp is, to save ye the bother o' askin'," Aiken went on, laughing at Harry, who was just ready to say, "What's that?" "They go to the birch woods first, so's to be where bark's handy, so't they can make all the pans they want to catch sap in."

"O, sugar time!" said Harry, delighted. "Sure enough, it's most sugar time. O, can't we go to the camp?"

"'Tain't time yet," said Aiken, "not for most a fortnight yet. My woman'll be goin' along after a while, an' maybe then you'd all like to go down a day or two. It's a pretty sight for them that ain't used to Injins, an' it's goin' to be a first-rate sugar year, I guess."

"You will go, won't you?" Harry asked, after Aiken had gone.

"We'll see," was all papa said; but Harry,

satisfied, went to work at the lesson, which was to have been learned an hour before. Georgy came down presently to say his multiplication table, in which, though he had been studying it a month, he had got no further than three times eight, and seemed likely to stay there. Reaching this point, and saying, as usual, "Three times eight are forty-two," he was sent to the end of the room to study, and soon began a talk with Sozette, to which Harry listened.

"What was that last she told you?" he asked presently, as Sozette drew down her chin, and imitated an old woman eating.

"She say," Georgy answered, "she glad old man dead. Old mens, old womans not any good. They eat mum-num — chew so. She kill her father when he get old; not hurt him any; sit on his mouth, maybe."

"O, what an awful girl!" said Harry, really growing pale. "Mamma, hear what Sozette says, and I saw her kiss her father this morning. What shall we do with her?"

"I don't know indeed," mamma answered, looking for a moment at Sozette, who, having shocked people as she intended, sat now with her great eyes dancing,

and all ready for a scolding. Not a word was said then. Harry looked at mamma and wondered, but kept still, and Georgy went on with his table. When evening came, Sozette seemed unwilling to go home, and hung about the room, till Mrs. Prescott had once or twice told her to go, and then began talking to Harry about Ja bah e and the Gitchee waw ki a gen.

"What is it?" mamma asked, presently.

"She's afraid to go home," Harry said. "She says the Ja bah e, in the warehouse, will come out and chase her, because it hasn't been put in the ground, and hasn't any fire."

"Maja, Sozette," Dr. Prescott said, without looking up.

"Ka, ah ka," Sozette said, beginning to cry. "Keen tugishin." (No, O no! You come with me.)

Dr. Prescott put on his cap, and walked down to the wigwam with the frightened child, who came close to him as they passed the warehouse. As well as he could, he told her that she had nothing to fear from this or any other spirit, for the Great Spirit only had power over people, and no lesser one could do harm to any one. He told her too, that Christian men and women were kind to the aged, and what a dread-

ful thing it was to have starved this poor old man, who had had little children like her once, and done all he could for them. Sozette made no answer then, but told Harry next morning, that her tongue was long when she said she should kill her father; and this meant, that she had not been in earnest.

Standing at the window about nine o'clock, Harry saw Georgy opening the warehouse door, and some Indians bringing out the old man's body. Mamma got ready at once, and they started for the spot where they had seen the fire the day before. There were three graves here already, and near them a fresh one, hardly two feet deep, in which they placed the body, with some rolls of birch-bark, a piece of calico, and some parched corn. Then the earth was thrown in, and stamped down hard, and over the grave was set at once one of the wooden covers, not a coffin, but a sort of box. Je bah e mocock is the Indian name, which means "spirit box." (Here is a picture which will show you how they look better than I can tell you.) There are openings in the end, where they put in food and birch-bark, for seven days after the body is buried. Now that the Indians have boards, they prefer burying

in this way to any other, but long ago, before there were mills among them, the dead were put on scaffolds made of poles, as I have told you, or in great mounds, some of which have been opened and found to contain not only their skeletons, but those of horses and dogs, which even now are sometimes killed, that their owners may find them in waiting when they reach the spirit-land. At Leech Lake, a few years ago, a small mound was opened, and in it was found, besides these various skeletons, some beautiful wampum made of small delicate shells, and some clay dishes and cups, with strange figures wrought in them. The Indians, for more than a hundred years, have had no pottery or crockery of any sort among them, and they say the art of making it, though known to their fathers, has been forgotten. Aiken had half a bowl, which had been found near the creek after the great freshet of the spring before went down, and which was a brownish red clay, with a bird moulded on it, looking much like the curious specimens in the museum at St. Paul. Harry begged it of him, and saved it carefully to take home to Boston. Perhaps you will see it there some day.

Passing the grave a day or two later,

on his way to the trading-post, Harry saw that a scalp hung from a pole over the old man's grave. Round it too were sitting several Indians, smoking, and with blackened faces, who had come here to do honor to his memory. The scalp was an old one, for only one long lock of hair hung from it, but it was decked with ribbons, and a fox's tail. Papa joined him as he stood looking, and they walked on, passing soon the grave of a great chief, who had died years before, and over which waved the last of many scalps once put there. Close by was a smaller grave, that of his daughter, papa said, and through the white snow covering it, rose the gray cross which marks all those who died in the Christian faith. Harry could hardly have told you what thought went through his mind as he said, —

"It's better to lie under the cross than under the scalp, isn't it, papa?"

"Better than you can begin to know, almost," papa said, slowly. "I wish it were possible for these poor people to see how much better."

"We can't teach them, because we can't talk well enough," said Harry, "but why don't they stop sending so many missionaries to China and way off there, and let

some come up here. The old chief says he wants his people to learn how to read and write, so't the bad white people needn't cheat them so. He thinks most all the white people are bad."

"He's about right," said Aiken's voice from behind, "whoever it is you're talkin' about. The whites that come round here an' live, ought to be burned alive every one on 'em. Serve 'em right. There ain't an Injin alive wouldn't be ashamed ter do some o' their tricks. I tell yer, I don't blame 'em so much for risin' most any time. Them Sioux now are a set o' devils, I know that very well, but don't you suppose, if they'd ever been treated decent, they'd a had some decency themselves? I tell yer, white men'll have to stand round some when that day o' settlin' accounts comes, an' I bet that old feller under the scalp thar'll have an easier time footin' up his bill, than nine tenths o' the white folks, that maybe he'd a good will to scalp. Now I remember once to La Pointe a new preacher had just come. He knew Ojibway first-rate, an' he was blazin' away, sendin' 'em all to fire'n brimstone, an' saying 'twas good enough for 'em if they didn't repent. What'd they know about repentin'? He just come an' they

never heard o' the Lord or any other part o' the Bible afore. They listened to him, easy like, their way you know, an' I larfed to think how he'd gone to work. Pretty soon I takes up his Testament an' reads this; it was in Ojibway, but I got it in English after that. Couldn't tell ye where 'tis, but't shows how the Lord looks at the matter.

"'For when the Gentiles which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, they having not the law, are a law unto themselves.' Now I says to him, 'These Injins is a good set; don't lie nor steal much, an' mean to do right. They follow out that verse, an' I don't see why they won't get to heaven in their way.' 'They might,' he says, 'if they had never heard the gospel, but I've preached that to 'em, an' now they have not the excuse of ignorance.' 'You haven't preached gospel,' says I; 'you've preached brimstone.' You see I knew what gospel was, for the Yankee that brought me up was a good Christian man, ef he was an Indian trader. Well, that missionary was mad; said I was wus'n any of 'em. He couldn't do much though; but I tell ye, there was some there knew what to say an' what to *live* too, an' the Indians just believed every word they said."

As Aiken talked they were walking on, and had reached the trading post, a low, wide log building. Three stood near each other, each owned by different men, but Aiken's was both the largest and the neatest. At one end was the clay chimney, and a pile of wood, and about it were sitting and lying some twenty Indians. At the upper end was a rude counter, and behind this were shelves, with an array of goods such as Indians like; gay calicoes and delaines; scarlet and blue cloth for leggins; shawls and blankets; plenty of beads; and pewter ear-rings and bracelets, and close by, all sizes of tin pans and pails.

"Kind of mean to give 'em that pewter stuff," said Aiken, seeing Dr. Prescott looking at the pile of ornaments, "but ef I don't, somebody else will, yer see, an' maybe not so many for a dollar as me, fur I do calculate to be average honest with 'em. I was goin' to tell yer though, what the reason is the missionaries can't seem to hold on, when they git one o' the Indians converted. He'll be a good enough Christian so long's he's well, but let him get sick, an' he'll have the medicine-dance ef he was forty Christians in one. You know Little Thunder's son, that died last summer; Mis ko ke nay she (Red Bird) was

his name. He could read English an' Ojibway too; Mr. Wright taught him, an' he was a first-rate Christian, honester'n the common run, but he had the grand pow-wow when he was dying, and there's not one but what would. It's a revelation, you see, and I don't know but what there's reason in it too. I wouldn't 'a thought so, only old Nah gon a ga nabe lived five or six year after he had it. Sit down anywhere, an' I'll tell you the whole story.

"You see the old man that was this Nah gon a ga nabe's father, got to be a pretty good Christian when he lived to Lake Superior. He come to Red Lake somewhere about 1848, when this chief was a little fellow, an' hadn't been here two year afore he was taken sick. The medicine-men came an' wanted to perform, but he wouldn't have 'em. Said he was a Christian, and meant to die like one. They let him alone, an' he did die after awhile, so they thought; but the wife he'd kept, for he wouldn't have but one after he was converted, she said he wasn't dead, and shouldn't be buried. They kept him then, four or five days, and though there warn't sense nor motion to him, he didn't seem like a dead man. Well, Nah gon a ga nabe says he staid so twenty days, but

I don't know about that. Anyway, he opened his eyes one day, an' saw 'em sitting round with their faces blacked, an' first he called for something to eat, an' then tells 'em to wash off that black an' call the medicine-men, for he wanted a grand dance. He was weak as a cat, an' couldn't do nothin' that day after all, but next day they had one. You've seen 'em, and you know how the medicine-men hold up the bag, an' all bows at it. Well, old Nah gon a ga nabe bows, though he'd been set agin doing it, afore he died, or whatever it was, an' then he stands up with his blanket around him, an' tells 'em he was a Christian still, but he was Indian too, though he wasn't going to scalp. That the Great Spirit had given them a good faith, an' he should stick to it the rest o' his life, an' this was why: —

"When he died, or went into that kind o' sleep, he said he knew he was dead, and started on to the spirit-land. He went over the pole all right, though he thought that was queer too, for he didn't know Christians got into their heaven that way, an' when he was over, he looked up and see a big gate. So he went there and knocked, an' pretty soon down comes a white man an' says — 'O, you're an In-

dian! this isn't your gate: your gate's over there.' So old Nah gon a ga nabe goes across a big open space, and sees another gate, and an Indian at it. He walks up, sure he's all right, and goes to open it, but the Indian inside says, 'This ain't your place. You're a praying Indian. You go over to the white man's gate.' 'But I've been once,' says Nah gon a ga nabe, 'an' they won't let me in.' — 'Well, you go again,' says the Indian, 'for you can't come in here.' — 'But I'm one o' you,' says Nah gon a ga nabe; 'don't you see my blanket?' 'Yes, I see that,' says the Indian, 'but you're not a good Indian. You've come here without having the medicine-dance over you, an' that's the only thing that'll open this gate. You might be a Christian all you like, but you've got to have the medicine-dance, to show you haven't turned white man.' So Nah gon a ga nabe walks back and knocks at the other gate, an' when the white man comes down, says he, 'What you here for? why didn't you stay where you was sent?' — 'I couldn't,' says old Nah gon a ga nabe; 'they don't have prayin' Indians there;' an' he began to feel pretty miserable. The white man thought a minute, an' then he says, 'Well, if you'd been a bad Indian, that pretended to be

converted, so's to get presents out o' the missionaries, you'd had to keep walkin' back an' forth here forever, but you're a good man, so we'll let you go back to earth again. Live like a Christian, but go to the medicine-dance, an' follow the ways o' your people, an' when you die again, you'll go into the happy hunting grounds with the others, an' from *there* you can git into our heaven by another road.' Well, now, you may laugh, but there ain't an Ojibway here don't believe that. I'll ask these men here what they think."

Turning to the Indians before the fire, Aiken spoke rapidly to them. "How! how! how!" several said, half rising, and one tall man looking up, said, "Tabway; ah pitchee tabway." (Truth; the very truth.)

"Kaget, tabway" (Truly the truth), answered the others seriously, and went on smoking.

"O, I could tell you a heap o' stories," said Aiken, "an' every one queerer'n the last. I've been hearin' 'em off and on forty year an' more, an' then I'm eighth Indian myself, and sort of believes some of 'em."

"You've told a lot of queer ones already," said Harry; "I wrote some of them home to Aunt Fannie, an' she said she'd make a book out of 'em if she could be here."

"Did you now?" said Aiken, quite pleased. "You're a small chap to be writin', but then it comes nat'ral, I suppose. When I was in the war that year — 1863 I guess 'twas; any way 'twas down on the Peninsula, along with a General that knew how *not* to go forward, better'n most any man you ever hearn on, an' one o' the men had some poetry sent him by his sweetheart. So I takes it up one day, an' I'm level beat if I didn't open right on all the Indians in creation. I read it then. Pretty good, some of it, but I'd like to say a word to Mr. Longfellow, about the way he's mixed up Sioux and Ojibways. I tell you, I should a thought them types would a fell foul o' each other, an' jest knocked 'emselves all ways. Do for a story you see, but I could a told him 'twasn't the thing, when he was writin' about the 'Land o' the Dacotahs,' to make 'em talk Sioux one day and Ojibway the next. He's nothin' but a writer, though."

"He knows more'n any man that ever was up here," said Harry, indignant. "He's a great poet. I saw Minnehaha, just exactly the way he wrote about it."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Aiken. "You know more this minute about Indians 'n he does."

"I don't," said Harry, offended. "I wouldn't," and he walked toward the door. The tall Indian said, "Wagonind?" and Harry, still more disturbed, as they all laughed a little, went home fast as he could, where his mother was surprised to hear that the trouble had arisen because Mr. Aiken did not appreciate Longfellow.

Harry found plenty to do for a week or two, watching the packing up and moving away of all who had been living near them. Their next door neighbor went last; a very nice squaw with several children, whose husband had gone to Pembina.

A day or two after, Harry ran in, in great excitement.

"Nah gon a ga nabe's going to sugar-camp to-morrow, mamma, and they want me to go. Can I?"

"How long do you want to stay?" mamma asked, doubtfully.

"O, only two or three days, so's to eat a heap o' new sugar. The sap's begun to run. Just see here!" and Harry drew out perhaps a teaspoonful of new sugar.

"It sounds absurd to let him go twelve miles away with Indians," said mamma. "What do you think, Henry?"

"Only one objection," said papa, laughing. "You know you said, Harry, after

that night at Little Rock's, that you never meant to sleep with Indians again, because of the dreadful little crawlers. You may go, if you can make up your mind to them."

"Pennyroyal!" shouted Harry. "That keeps off skeeters. Give me some pennyroyal, papa, and I'll rub it all over me."

So when Harry got up next morning, he rubbed on pennyroyal, till he was brown as any Indian. Indeed, he looked like one, in many ways. He had worn moccasins all winter, and around his waist was a belt from which hung a little bowie-knife, used in his case to scrape the snow from his moccasins; a thing which all who wear them do, so soon as they come near a fire, else the melting snow would soak the soft skin in a few moments. He wore, too, a coon-skin cap, with the tail hanging behind, and rabbit-skin mittens, and having grown very fat, and a good deal taller than when we first saw him, looked very much like Besh quay, who was going with him, and whose picture you shall see.

Papa and mamma went over to Nah gon a ga nabe's to see them off, and said he should come down with mamma in a day or two. Mrs. Nah gon a ga nabe carried the house and baby on her back. Nah gon

a sake had a muskemote of potatoes; the two little ones some corn, and on the very smallest of small dog-trains, were the two great sheet-iron pails, of which twenty, just like them, had been brought up by the traders for sugaring time. There were two little ones for boiling the fish and corn, and Harry laughed to himself, thinking how pleased they would be, when he took out of his satchel the package of nice tea mamma had given him, and which cost so much at Red Lake, that they seldom get it. The two foxy looking dogs snarled and snapped, but Besh quay kept them in the track, and the long file wound on through the woods till they were out of sight, followed shortly by Georgy Campbell, who at the last minute had been allowed to go.

"I can't believe it *is* Harry," mamma said as they turned towards home. "Here not quite four months, and yet he is starting off to-day on a twelve mile walk, and we let him. What would his grandmother say?"

Papa laughed. "When we go down to camp," he said; "I'll make a sketch of the lodge and the people in it, and ask her to pick out Harry. She'll never dream that the fat little savage in a skin cap is the

one to decide upon. Minnesota is a wonderful State."

I know you are all anxious to find out just how much sugar Harry ate, and you would be still more anxious if I should give you even a hint of something he saw on the way down. But this chapter is too long already, and so for that, and a good many other things, you must wait. It may be a long time, it may be a very short time before I shall tell you more, but more there surely is, and there are long chapters still to be written before you hear the very last of

WHITE AND RED.

18219

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 713 824 1